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ERA

DECEMBER, 1933

VOLUME 36 - NUMBER 14

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The Improvement Era

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

The Improvement ERA



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Volume 36

DECEMBER, 1933

Number 14

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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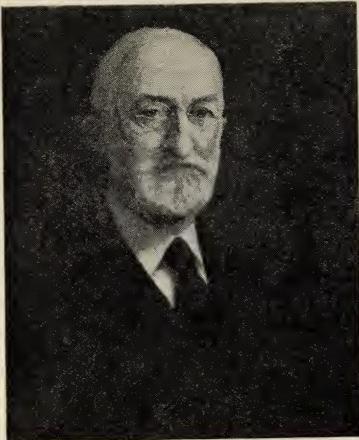
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"Winter Mists" by J. H. Stansfield

J. H. Stansfield 1938

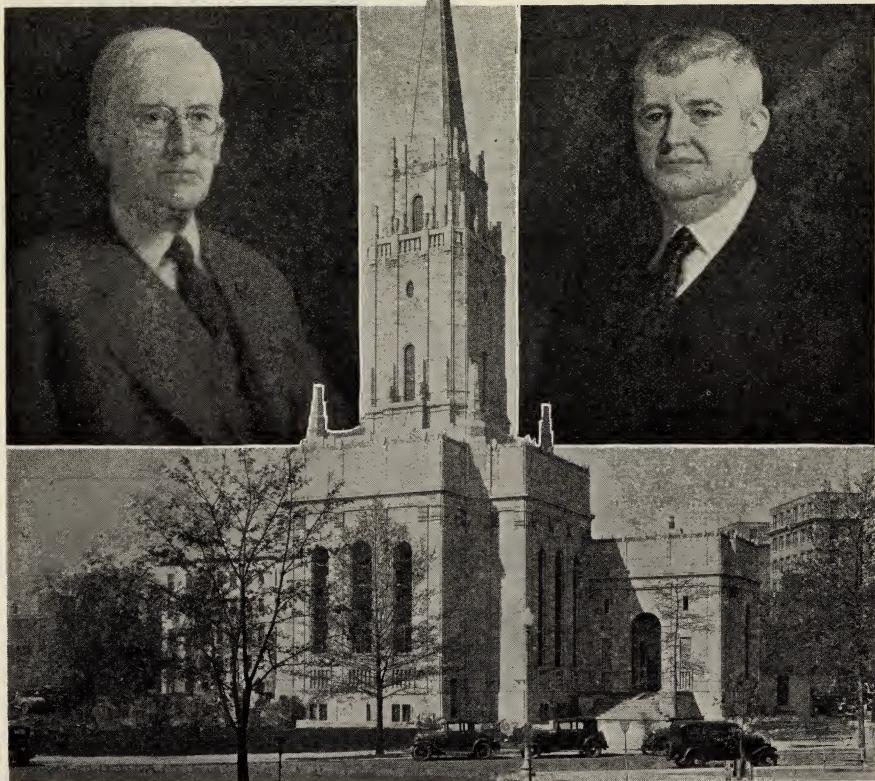


To The First Presidency
and to the Church in All the World—
Greetings:

TO us the establishment of the new L. D. S. Chapel in Washington, D. C., our nation's capital, seems to mark a great forward stride in the history of the Church. In our way of thinking, it is declaring that the Church, by this act, is ready to cooperate with all of the forces for good in the world to bring about National and International understanding and good will.

We pledge our continued support to the First Presidency, whose far-sighted spiritual statesmanship led them to cause this stately edifice to be erected at the cross-roads of all nations, and send greetings to the membership of the Church in every land. May the season bring to all happiness and the fullness of joy.

THE M. I. GENERAL BOARDS,
GEO. ALBERT SMITH, Gen'l Supt.
RUTH MAY FOX, Gen'l Pres.



L. D. S. Chapel, Washington, D. C., and the Portraits of the First Presidency, painted by Lee Greene Richards, which will hang in the Chapel



President Joseph Smith
Born December 23, 1805
Martyred June 27, 1844

A Peace Offering

By

CHARLES A. CALLIS

A Member of the Quorum of the Twelve

IN 1844 the Prophet Joseph Smith gave the following counsel with respect to a coming event which was soon to cast its dark shadow over the land, and which was of great and general concern:

"Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lands, and from deduction of pay from the members of Congress.

"Break off the shackles from the poor black man, and hire him to labor like other human beings; for an hour of virtuous liberty on earth is worth a whole eternity of bondage. * * * The southern people are hospitable and noble. They will help to rid so free a country of every vestige of slavery, whenever they are assured of an equivalent for their property."—*The History of the Church*, Volume 2, page 206.

If American statesmen had followed the course advocated by this inspired adviser with the readiness Pharaoh accepted the counsel of Joseph who was sold into Egypt,

what an effusion of blood would have been prevented! How different would have been the future of the South!

The wisdom of that advice was not extinguished by the passage of time nor by the fact that our statesmen did not immediately



Elder Chas. A. Callis
purchase of the slaves by the Federal Government as a means of putting an end to the Civil War.

heed it. A prophet's message appeals to but few people. After the calamity it is intended to avert has come and gone leaving a path of blood and ruin, then countless thousands mourn in sad refrain, "It might have been."

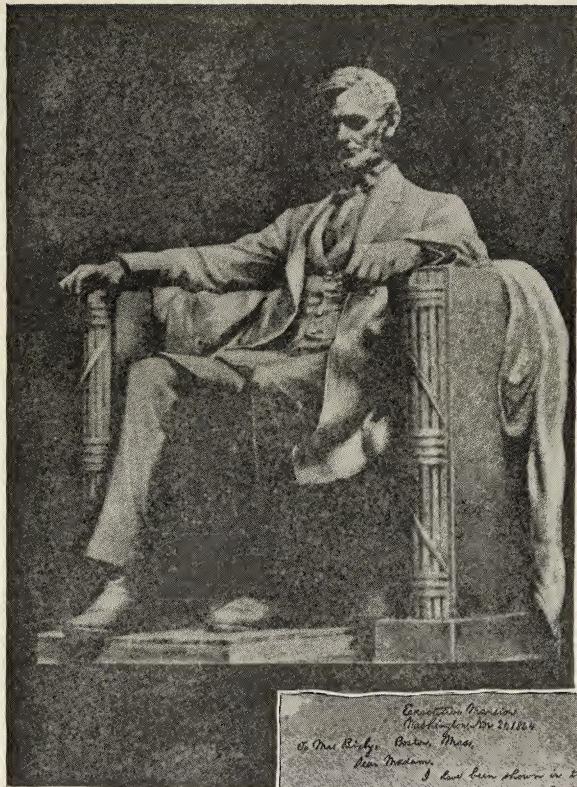
Heaven lighted that prophetic torch so that men could see the means of escape from the horrors of the Civil War. The flame of it

continued to burn; it made the heart of Abraham Lincoln glow with compassion and understanding for the Southern people.

"U. S. Hist. An informal conference regarding the arrangement of a peace between the North and the South, held on the vessel *River Queen* in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, between President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward, representing the United States, and Vice-President Stephens, Senator Hunter, and Assistant Secretary of War Campbell, representing the Confederate States. No agreement was reached."—Webster's Dictionary.

UNDER date of October 25, 1932, Hon. Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and one of the most prominent publicists and statesmen in the country, writes:

"Stephens, of course, belonged to an older generation than I, but he and my father were close personal friends. I was a student at the University of Georgia when Stephens was elected governor of



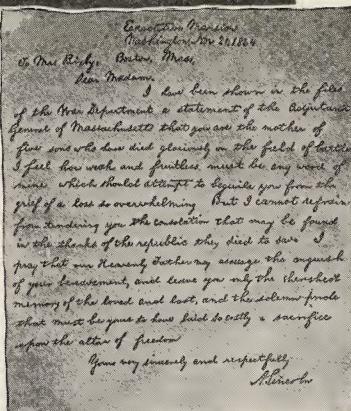
Statue of Lincoln in the Memorial Building, Washington, D. C.

The famous letter to Mrs. Bixby—
facsimile Lincoln's own writing

Georgia. At the time of his inauguration I was at home.

"My father gave Mr. Stephens a dinner, attended by some 20 prominent citizens. I had a place at the table. During the dinner someone asked Mr. Stephens for the true story of the Hampton Roads conference. Mr. Stephens at once told the story in detail. He said that he and Lincoln were in congress together before the war and knew one another well enough for each to call the other "Abe" and "Alex."

"While Lincoln was president, he got word to Stephens that the war should be settled by peaceful



methods, and that he believed a conference might bring it about. Stephens took the matter up with President Davis and the Hampton Roads conference was the outcome.

"Stephens told the story of their

meeting and of his having gone to the president's boat on a cold bleak day, heavily wrapped in shawls and of his being taken to the main salon where Lincoln awaited the Confederate commission. He said that after shaking hands all around, his attendant began to unwind his heavy wrappings, laying them aside one after the other on a nearby chair.

"Lincoln watched the ceremony with interest and finally when the little 90-pound Georgian stood uncovered, Lincoln said, 'Well, Alex, that's the most shucks I ever saw from so small a nubbin.' —*Atlantic Constitution*.

HE then told of the opening of the negotiations and of Lincoln's suggestion that if the Confederate commission would let him write the word 'Union,' he would let them write the rest. Stephens then showed Lincoln written instructions from Davis in which the commission was instructed to consider nothing that did not recognize the independence of the Confederacy. "That ended the conference, for Lincoln replied that he could not negotiate on any other basis than recognition of the Union. Later on I wrote the story of what Stephens had said." —*Ibid.*

In the course of a lecture delivered at Lincoln Union Auditorium, Chicago, February 12, 1895, Henry Watterson, the distinguished southern editor, orator and statesman, said:

"After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate Commissioners, Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Lincoln, the friend, still the old Whig colleague, though one was now President of the United States and the other Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, took the 'slim, pale-faced, consumptive man' aside, and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said: 'Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please.'

"In the preceding conversation
(Continued on page 888)

President BRIGHAM H.

THE death of President Brigham H. Roberts removes from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints one of the ablest defenders of the Faith that the Church has ever had. The people revered President Roberts as a profound thinker, who was always animated by a sincere love for the work of God. His gifts won recognition in the Nation, and his many years of work for the quorums of Seventy and in the Council over which he presided made him known as a teacher and leader. As far back as forty years ago, he had succeeded in making his creations a part of the thought of the people, and his historical works stand apart as rich contributions to the literature of the Church. President Roberts was born in Warrington, England, March 13, 1857, and was the son of Benjamin and Ann Everington Roberts. With his elder sister, he came to Utah, traveling by ox-team from the Missouri River, and settled in Centerville, Utah. In his later years, he recalled with feelings of joy the many experiences he had on the plains as he walked bare-foot toward the land of Zion. After a journey filled with trials and sometimes discouragements, the two children arrived in Salt Lake City, where within a few months, the mother joined the little son and daughter. When seventeen years of age, President Roberts began serving as an apprentice in a blacksmith shop in the village, and soon became known for his successful handling of horses, which were brought to him from the range.

He rode one day to Salt Lake City and entered the old University of Deseret, from which he was graduated in 1878. He studied under Dr. John R. Park, Milton H. Hardy, O. H. Riggs, Bartlett

Trip, and other educators of that day. Elder Roberts always had pride in that he listened to the lectures of Professor Orson Pratt, who gave courses in mathematics and astronomy. He became particularly interested in history and one of the first volumes of history he read was the "Intellectual Development of Europe" by John William Draper of the University

was varied, and covered a large field. Always active in civic affairs, he was elected to represent Utah in Congress, but was refused his seat after a hard and bitter contest over his views on religion. During the World War, he was Chaplain of the 145th Field Artillery which went over-seas from Utah. In France hundreds of the young men of the American forces looked to him for spiritual advice. He died

an honored member of the American Legion. President Roberts' writings on Church history and kindred subjects are voluminous. His books are a revelation of his mind, and have more literary merit than some critics have commonly allowed them. His history of the Church is monumental in character, and is characterized as one of accuracy, keen observation, and calm and sound judgment. His "Rise and Fall of Nauvoo" is written in such a style and manner, that his readers appreciate the trials and persecutions of the Saints in the early history of the Church. His short treatise on the "Mormon Battalion" is a monograph of rare beauty and insight, and his History of the Church which appeared in the *Americana* a few years ago will always be referred to by scholars as a distinct contribution to American historical study. His *New Witness For God* is another contribution which shows clearly the "Mormon" view-point on the Mission of Christ our Lord. Of his essays, "Joseph Smith, The Prophet-Teacher" is a first appreciation of the work of the founder of Mormonism. There is nothing in his writings broader, clearer and more forcible than the five volumes prepared for the Seventies of the Church in their class study. Much of his work effected its purpose, and it will live on into a distant future, because of its sound and vigorous thinking.

Sonnet

By

JEAN FONNESBECK

*BESIDE his forge he labored day by day
Where shambling ox and plodding horse
were shod.
Then came a call, to service, from his God;
He closed the smithy doors and went away
To teach the common people whom he loved.
Like one of old, when God said, "Who will go?"
And touched his lips with fire, even so
His lips were touched, since when he proved
A valiant man of God. And now he's gone;
His golden, vibrant voice is stilled, his bright
Illumined face, his kindly heart are gone,
Blessed with his zeal for justice and for right,
Through worlds unnumbered he will yet go on,
Unwearied in his quest of truth and light.*

of New York. At the time of his death, President Roberts was an honored member of the Alumni of the University of Utah.

PRESIDENT ROBERTS filled two missions to the Southern States, and from 1922 to 1927 he presided over the Eastern States Mission. In 1888, he was ordained a member of the First Council of Seventy to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President Horace S. Eldredge. He was associated during the first year with presidents Jacob Gates, Abram H. Cannon, William W. Taylor, George Reynolds and Seymour B. Young. At the time of his death he was the senior member of the First Council. The work of President Roberts as a member of the Council of Seventy

ROBERTS



**Brigham H.
Roberts**

By
**LEVI EDGAR
YOUNG**

*A Member of the First
Council of Seventy*

*In closing his speech before the Congress
of the United States President Roberts said:*

*"Gentlemen, I have lived with a good
conscience until this very day and am sen-
sible of no act of shame upon my part; you
can brand me with shame and send me
forth, but I shall leave here with head erect
and brow undaunted, and walk the earth
as angels walk the clouds. If you violate
the Constitution of these United States
ALL THE SHAME WILL BE WITH
YOU."*



Orson F. Whitney. Elder Whi-
tney espoused suffrage for women.
President Roberts bitterly opposed
it. Yet within four years, the votes
of the women of Utah helped to
send him to Congress.

As a preacher, President Roberts
was forceful and lucid; in debate
superb and skillful. At times he was
dangerously impulsive in his words,
and had frequently to suffer for his
impulsiveness. Yet no one could
misunderstand just where he stood
on a question. Always fearless in
expressing his opinion, he often lent
his name to causes he deemed right.
The two addresses recently given
at Chicago before the International
Fellowship of Faiths were received
by scholars of religion as a digni-
fied and fine contribution to the
religious thought of the day. His
voice was strong and sonorous; his
diction pure and dignified. His
thought moved on a high plane,
and he believed every word he ut-
tered. As the years go by, Pres-
ident Roberts will be appreciated
for his love of the Gospel; and his
fearless defense of the right. It was
his character which ennobled the
office he held, and which enabled
him to accomplish his great tasks,
and which will cause him to be held
in fadeless honor.

HISTORY to President Roberts
was the joy and labor of his
life. Whenever he started a piece
of writing on any subject, he al-
ways brought to his work a broad
and comprehensive knowledge ob-
tained by careful research and read-
ing. He had a bold and inventive
mind, which naturally led him to
unsparring criticism at times. A
man who had few external advan-
tages, he was obliged to face the
world with nothing but his own
self-confidence and faith. It was
only a natural result that as the
years went by, he buried himself
in his work, which made him tena-
cious of the ideas which he advo-
cated. Nature gave him a resolute
will, and a vehement individuality;
his personality was forceful and
directive. The character of his
thought is shown as a member of
the State Constitutional Conven-

tion, when Utah presented its re-
quest for statehood. The strug-
gle for Woman suffrage was a bitter
one, and many people will recall
the debate between him and Bishop

Humanity Feels Their Loss

By Jed Stokes

WHITNEY, Talmage, Roberts—
Three such mighty men!
Pillars of their day and race—
Masters of the tongue and pen!
Builders, they, of rarest skill;
Molders of the heart and mind;
Comforters for God and Christ—
What a record left behind!
What a loss the world sustains
In their passing from the earth!
But what a boon, their works re-
main—
Living thought—enduring worth!



Jane Anne was an orphan who had one unusually constant friend—but then one good friend is “a very present help in time of trouble.” Mrs. Woolsey is known to all who have sung and loved her tremendously popular song.

By

MARY HALE
WOOLSEY

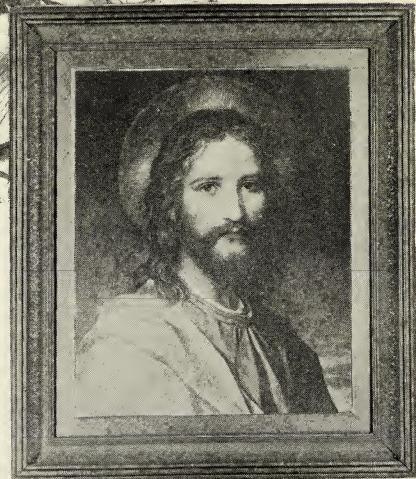


She seemed to have a vague recollection of seeing it before, though she could not be sure; and its caption, “The Good Shepherd,” told her nothing. But from the first moment she loved it.

JANE ANNE had made a date.

She was worried because she did not feel happy about it. She had heard other girls talk about dates as if they were a sort of delightful adventure, something to fill one with pleasant thrills. Jane Anne did not feel thrilled. Trying to analyze her feelings, she realized

that she was afraid. And having reached that conclusion, she stopped worrying—because being afraid was so entirely natural for her. Jane Anne could not remember a



A Gilt-Edged Guardian



time—that is, up to the past few months—when she had not had fear as her constant companion. Her earliest recollections were of her fear of bigger, rough children in the orphanage from which "Mis' Mayne" had taken her, to become her "little companion." In reality, Jane Anne had shortly become Mis' Mayne's helpless little slave, fed and clothed just enough to keep her able to fetch and carry and toil for the selfish and lazy and cruel person that was Mis' Mayne.

Denied any but a most meagre education, denied friends, and constantly threatened horrible misfortunes if she should loiter on errands or venture alone outside the protection of her "good home" (through all those years, Mis' Jane Anne had occupied a dingy two-room apartment that knew little of sunlight or beauty or even comfort, and only the essentials of cleanliness), Jane Anne grew from pinched, frightened childhood into young maturity even more pinched and frightened—a curious combination of puzzled child and tired woman, afraid of Mis' Mayne's uncontrollable temper, her frequent black fits of mournfulness, and, at the last, of her long pain-wracked illness, and when Mis' Mayne was no more, afraid of the silence, the stillness that was as terrifying as the stricken woman's cries and moans and curses had been.

One thing, perhaps, that made the silence so fearful, was that Jane Anne was struggling, then, with the problem of earning her living. Mis' Mayne's income, a small annuity left her by some long-forgotten relative, ended with her death and left the "little companion" unprovided for—and pitifully ill-equipped for self-support.

THE landlady, apparently Mis' Mayne's one friend and not greatly different from her except in that she sometimes was moved by kindness, let Jane Anne have a tiny attic room, icy cold in winter and stifling hot in summer,

to call home; and helped her find a job. That was in a factory where women's smocks and aprons were made, and Jane Anne learned to sew buttons onto the garments with amazing rapidity. From seven to five-thirty each day—with a half-hour for lunch—she sewed buttons, and each Saturday at noon she received her pay, usually about seven dollars and fifty cents.

Having helped Jane Anne to achieve such magnificent independence, Mrs. Danbury proceeded to charge her three-seventy-five a week for the attic room with its grimy dark wallpaper, its narrow bed and hard, lumpy mattress and scratchy blankets, its tall old bureau and cracked mirror, its ugly washstand and handless pitcher and chipped bowl, its ragged strip or two of carpet and a broken rocking-chair. Mrs. Danbury had long tried vainly to keep that room rented for two-twenty-five, but it was characteristic of Jane Anne's dependence and inexperience that she paid the three-seventy-five unquestioningly and followed the landlady's instructions as to going out for meals, except for "paper-bag snacks" and the lunches she made to carry to work—merely bread-and-cheese or jam sandwiches and an apple or occasional orange.

AFTER those first numbing, puzzling days of readjustment, Jane Anne grew to like the attic room, just because it was her own and because it had a small window that opened easily and looked out at a bit of north sky (Mis' Mayne's windows had never seen the sky; they had shown only a narrow alley, with a dreary expanse of windowless brick wall opposite). Often in the mornings, that little square of sky glowed pearly-pink from the sunrise; evenings, there might be sunset gold; and after dark, Jane Anne could see a handful of stars!

By standing on tip-toe beside the window, she could see out of it and view the neighborhood surround-



ing. Mostly, blackened roofs and smoking chimneys and weather-stained walls constituted her landscape, though there was one tiny vista of garden at which Jane Anne sometimes gazed longingly. This garden lay just beyond the high board wall which separated Mrs. Danbury's property from that on the opposite side of the block, and the one tall scraggly tree in Mrs. Danbury's back yard grew just where it could most effectively obstruct Jane Anne's view. On the whole, Jane Anne found greater pleasure in observing the ever-changing scenery in her bit of sky, which she could watch much more comfortably.

Best of all, she liked the stars. They seemed to have a message for her. After a few months, when she was learning to make her scanty earnings cover, in a scanty way, the needs of her existence, she thought she had come to understand that message: The stars were telling her not to be afraid!

About that time, too she found The Picture. She found it between the pages of a magazine that had been Mis' Mayne's.

Mis' Mayne had had many magazines and bright-paper-backed books that she was always reading but never allowed Jane Anne to touch. Now they had all become Jane Anne's own, and, neatly stacked in a corner near the window, they beckoned her like tiny gateways opening into new and colorful lands. Jane Anne, knowing a little leisure for the first time in her life, explored joyously. At

first she just looked at the pictures. The one which fascinated her so had apparently been torn from some other magazine or book. She seemed to have a vague recollection of seeing it before, though she could not be sure; and its caption, "The Good Shepherd," told her nothing. But from the first moment, she loved it. Loved the face of the man who looked out at her with eyes at once kind and stern, infinitely tender and sad and wise. Loved his distinguished-looking beard and mustache, his mouth that was unsmiling yet made her think of beautiful smiles. She even loved his long wavy hair, his white, draped robe, though these made him, to Jane Anne, definitely unreal—which disappointed her somewhat. * * And she loved the radiance which was all around him.

FOR a long time Jane Anne sat there on the floor beneath her little window, studying the Picture; and when she got up, stiffly, it was to prop it up on her bureau. Strangely comforting was its presence, even after dark, when she could no longer see it, but knew that it was there. It seemed to be repeating to her the message of the stars.

Surprisingly, miraculously, Jane Anne felt fear slipping away from her. It was very wonderful.

When payday came again, she went boldly to a variety-store and bought a twenty-five-cent easel-style frame for the Shepherd. And thereafter he watched over her from behind a shining oblong of glass, surrounded by a wide gilt border that to Jane Anne's worshipful eyes, looked like pure gold.

The Shepherd became her one priceless treasure. He was her adviser and confidant, her dream-father, dream-friend, dream-lover. Looking at him, Jane Anne felt within her something that surged and lifted and tugged, and sang of un-understandable hopes and longings—and drove fear farther away from her querely-twisted life.

At her work, Jane Anne was enjoying, now, the novelty of being among other girls. Sometimes she even dared talk with them, a little, timidly. And always she was listening.

It was through the listening that Jane Anne came gradually to know that her life was different from the

lives of these others, who talked of parents and brothers and sisters, of schools and "talkies" and church; Jane Anne decided that she really would go to church sometime soon, and to "talkies." They talked of styles and "waves" and parties. Most of all, they talked about their "dates."

Dates, it seemed, were very important and desirable. Dates meant good times, dancing and fun, and "swell eats." Jane Anne listened and listened, wondered and wished.

The Frontispiece

LATE WINTER MISTS is a subtle, gray-toned rendition of late afternoon. The buildings in it are typical of the older homes of the outlying settlements whose charm is architectural balance and pleasant line, which we hope will endure until our children shall partake in a measure of the pioneer spirit of home—which is surely and swiftly passing. J. H. Stansfield, the painter of this lovely winter idyll, has done well to record this phase of Utah's early day building.

Mr. Stansfield, often called Utah's Shepherd painter, is named among the unique characters of native artists. He is entirely self-taught. As a youth, "Jack," as he was called, and is today dubbed, picked out the best pieces of charcoal from the sheep herders' campsite on the desert, and sketched, with growing facility, on the wagon covers and on the tents, the things about him that he best loved. The neighbors told him of the stir made by these effective sketches when the lad returned with the herders after a winter with the sheep. Because of his persistent passion for painting the desert, and the desert life, he has painted himself into a painter of repute and his things are hung by the side of those who have spent years in art schools both home and abroad. He has not been content with local exhibitions but has bravely pushed into larger fields and by invitation, he has shown in New York and California.

Mr. Stansfield's pictures are to be found in many private collections in Utah and the East, and he is represented in the permanent State Fair Collection and in such school-owned collections as, West Junior High, South Cache, Box Elder High, North Cache, Jordan High, Murray High, Draper Junior High, and Woodruff School, of Logan, besides many schools of Sanpete and Sevier counties where much of his work is produced.

His favorite themes are the sage mantled slopes and desert places of Utah and Arizona; the Grand Canyon of Colorado; the melting snows on the low hills, with their deep blue shadows and warm sunlight; the three snow peaks of Mt. Nebo, and the blue Belnap Range of Piute County. Mr. Stansfield is a genial gentleman and a fisherman and hunter of no mean ability. The best artists of the state give him most encouragement and praise his good values, his spontaneity, his clear color, and his fine individuality seen in his best canvases.

—Alice Merrill Horne.

Later she would tell the Shepherd about what she had heard, and of the wondering and wishing. And he would listen kindly, and seem to answer, "Don't be afraid, Jane Anne. You, too, will have dates some day."

And at last that "some day" had come. Jane Anne had made a date. But instead of bringing the joy she had expected, it brought Fear back to her!

After the first dismayed recognition, Jane Anne thought she understood. She was afraid, simply because she was to have an experience entirely new and strange and important; that was all. She never dreamed that she was afraid of the man with whom she had made the date.

Except, perhaps, in remembering that Mis' Mayne had always told Jane Anne that all men were to be feared and avoided. She must have been mistaken. The girls here at the factory told Jane Anne, indirectly but effectively, that men were nice companions who took one to shows and restaurants and dances; if they liked one a great deal, they brought romance and marriage and a home of one's own.

In the books which had been Mis' Mayne's, and which Jane Anne was laboriously but fascinatingly reading, there were two kinds of men. There were tall, handsome heroes, clear-eyed and bright-haired and strong; fearless young god-like beings who loved the beautiful heroines with never-ending devotion. And then there were the villains; swarthy-skinned, beetle-browed, thick-lipped creatures who scowled unceasingly and did terrible deeds, but always in the end were brought to justice through the efforts of the handsome young heroes.

Jane Anne's conclusion was simple and confident: The books were right. There were the two kinds of men.

"Heiny" Litmer, she thought, must be the hero kind, because he was fair-haired and fair-skinned and quite well-built, and his face and hands were always so clean, and his clothes so wonderful. True, his eyes looked small and ugly, but that was, no doubt, because of the thick glasses he had to wear. He was almost always grinning or laughing, and saying things that sounded clever. Heiny was, Jane

(Continued on page 885)

By

GRACE ZENOR PRATT



"We Have Seen His Star"



A STAR—
Bright in the evening sky,
High over Judah's hills.—
Flocks were at rest,
The springtime sweet
Had scattered her blossoms
'Mid the green grasses
There at their feet.

A Star—
Bright in the evening hush—
While shepherds watched;
Strange did they feel,
Yet knew not why—
At this hushed, deep peace,
Foreshadowing things—
The mystery of the sky.

A Song—
In the midst of light;
Bowed low their heads,
For angels sang
Of the birth of a king.
And the way he must go—
Music that trembled into space,
A song of angels—
Glory—grace—;
The hills awoke,
And streams were stayed;
The night stood still!
In triumph sang
The Heavenly Choir—
While shepherds stood
Amazed—afraid—
In the light—
—Of a Star.

The Quest—
Wise men from lands afar,
Traveled by night and day
O'er rugged hills
And valleys wild—
Till they came to Bethlehem,
Weary—to end their quest;
And over the place
Where the baby lay.

They saw the Star—

Into the stable
Where clean, mown hay
Cradled a Savior.
The Wise Men came
With trailing garments
Of brodered fold;
Kneeling, they offered
Their gifts of gold—
Of frankincense and of myrrh—
And Mary—the Mother—
Did she not feel—
That joy had come to her?

A King—
And shepherds came,
They worshiped
The baby King,
There in the stall;
While still the echoes
Of heavenly song
Filled the valleys
And touched the hills;
The gates of heaven
Were still ajar
To hail the Lord of all.

A Star—A Song;
In Mary's heart
The song lived on,
She had cradled a King
In her arms;
She had loved a child,
Had suffered and wept;
She had crept from the Valley
so dark
By the light—
Of a Star.
Trembling at world's alarms,
Dangers which threatened
Her baby's way—
But the years passed by—
As years must pass—
To a latter day.

The Cross—
The Song grew dim,
Men scoffed because
His ways were strange;
When he showed the way
To better things
* * * They crucified Him.
* * * *

O Mary, the Star still shines,
Though a cross is dark
Against the sky;
He lives we know!
On Bethlehem's hills,
In the town close by,
Tonight—we have seen the Star,
And have heard the Song;
Wise Men pass by
In silence—kneel once more,
Offering gifts and love
Unto Thee. From afar—
By the light of a Star—
Worshiping Him.



By

F. HOWARD FORSYTH



Is There A Santa Claus Really?

THE first winter after you learned to talk you began noticing an unusual subject of interest among the family, which increased as the nights grew longer and colder, and became almost an ever-present phenomenon by the time the newspaper began printing daily notices: "So Many More Shopping Days Before—Christmas!"

Christmas! That was the word, it was a new word to you, and you wondered what it meant. Brother or sister told you it was when Santa Claus came with his reindeers and brought you toys and candy and peanuts and fruits. Toys, the kinds you like! If you are good and Santa is not too poor this year. He will give them to you. Free.

Nobody ever explained how Santa could go on giving and giving every year, or who gave Santa Claus things for being good. That did not worry you anyway. All you cared was that you would receive, just receive. You were impressed with the idea that Christmas existed for your individual happiness, and the best way you could be happy you knew would be to receive the greatest number of gifts.

But one day Mother sat down and told you all about Christ, how

he was born in Bethlehem two thousand years ago, and how a new star appeared on Christmas eve, the night he was born. And because Christ made everybody in the world happier, so we celebrate Christmas and try to be happy. It was a solemn occasion and you felt rather dampened for a while, until someone mentioned Santa Claus again.

You thought Santa Claus was a much more likeable man than Christ.

And what did Christ have to do with Christmas besides having a birthday then? You knew a playmate who had a birthday on December 25, and they always had a birthday cake with candles and gave him the biggest piece.

That was your idea for several years.

Then something terrible happened. Somebody told you there wasn't really a Santa Claus who went all over the world on Christ-

mas eve with a team of fast reindeers or an airplane. And gradually you had to reject the "Santa Claus myth," partly from its absurdity and partly because nearly all the older children you questioned laughed and said of course there was no such thing.

You wondered what would become of Christmas now.

CHRISTMAS came, and it seemed to be just as big an affair as ever, even though all the thrill had gone for you. But Mother and Dad enjoyed it, and even the older ones who told you there was no Santa seemed to be glad there was still a Christmas.

Then you had to adjust from a receiving-philosophy to a giving-philosophy, or at least to a Golden Rule attitude. It was painful but you did it, and in doing it you discovered also that Christ was the man who kept Christmas alive, and that Saint Nicholas, who never saw Christ, was merely the vehicle for the children's Christmas because he was famous for loving children.

You discovered again that there really is, or was a Saint Nicholas, if we can trust numerous very interesting legends.

He was an exceptionally good



man who lived about three hundred years after Christ in Asia Minor, not very far from where the Man of Galilee walked and talked with people and impressed them with his marvelous sincerity. Among the many legends justifying the saint's present day prominence with children is the one in which he is credited with bringing back to life the three murdered sons of a rich man.

SAIN T NICHOLAS did other wonderful things and when he died people started celebrating him in the latter part of December, coincident with a widespread pagan celebration invoking the sun god to lengthen the days and take away the approaching cold weather. This celebration spread over many parts of Europe and gradually was localized at December 25.

Choice

By Claire S. Boyer

A SHOP with tools,
The music of a saw,
Wood to construct a door,
A father's law—
These did the man,
Joseph the Carpenter,
Offer to Jesus once,
Saw him prefer
Workshop of worlds,
The music of the soul,
Men His materials
And life His goal;
With these He shaped
Doors to eternity,
Fashioned salvation's law
That all might see!

Nobody knew the exact day when Christ was born, for as many months have been named for this honor as there are in the calendar. But many of the people in the Indo-European world thought his birthday was December 25, so the Christian fathers urged that these two occasions be celebrated as one.

Thus started a custom which came through various channels to America, a custom in the making of which Saint Nicholas played perhaps as large a part as did Jesus, and in which he is today still an important figure.

As long as Christmas remains an effective medium in temporarily civilizing mankind in the Western world once every year, just so long will Saint Nicholas probably reinforce that medium with the glamor of his presence.

There really is a Santa Claus.

Yule Log— Symbol of Christmas

By

ELIZABETH COLE

"Come bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas Log to the firing."

—Herrick.

WHAT pleasant old customs people used to have at Christmas! With great ceremony, in the olden days, the Christmas log was brought into the home. This great "clog" of wood, chosen with care and laid in the huge fireplace, was lighted with a brand saved from last year's clog. Great drinking, singing and telling of tales in the light of the ruddy blaze were part of the Christmas celebration. All through the night that Yule log was kept burning and if by any oversight the flame went out ill luck would surely befall the home.

Who has not at times lamented the passing of these simple holiday rites? Society has taken on a shallower, more sophisticated tone and cannot enter wholeheartedly into the unaffected good fellowship of former days. Then the joy of a merry Christmas meant



the joining of peer and peasant in celebrating together the Savior's birth. Holly, mistletoe, games, the country dance, the flowing wassail bowl, the groaning Christmas dinner table, the sincere church service so artlessly enjoyed by young and old, rich and poor, all contributed to the charm of Christmas in days gone by.

Now our holiday season is filled with hastening from shop to shop, striving to make Santa Claus and what he stands for seem real to the children. The season is patronizingly endured by the grown-ups. An agitated feeling of

excitement permeates our crowded days, and our dashing generation has little peace at Christmas.

Yet peace is what Christmas really stands for. "Peace on earth—Good will toward men," sang the waits outside the windows on Christmas Eve to family and guests as they gathered about the glowing yule log.

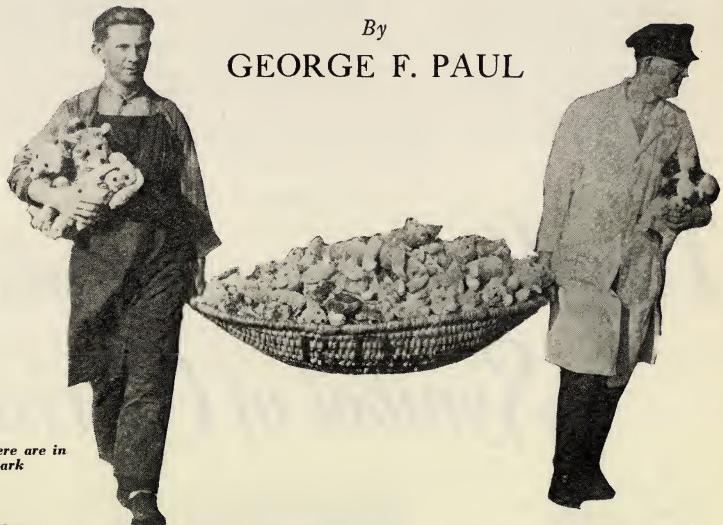
In memory of the pleasant old custom the 1933 Christmas Seal depicts the bringing in of an ancient Christmas yule log. Announced by the heralding bugler, two medieval figures drag in the enormous log, against a background of golden winter sunset. They call to mind the former days and symbolize the true spirit of peace on earth that unites all people at this season of good will. They would remind everyone who pastes the little stickers on mail and packages that the old, real Christmas is not gone. For true Christmas peace and happiness, which no amount of material troubles can everlasting destroy, will be in the heart of everyone who "shares" the gift of health by using Christmas seals throughout December.

Tiny Town Makes Toys for World

*Take a trip with George Paul to Santa
Claus town.*

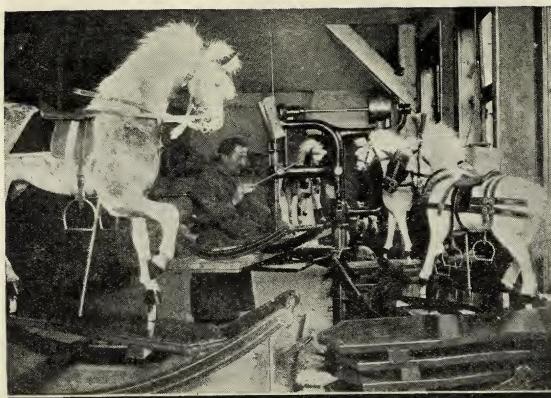
By

GEORGE F. PAUL



*More bears than there are in
Yellowstone Park*

*In one of the Shops
at Sonneberg*



TOYS, tens of thousands of them trooping forth from little houses in the tiny town of Sonneberg—toys to bring ten times ten thousand thrills of happiness to the children of the world! Toys that open their eyes, that move their arms, that bring messages of good cheer wherever they may go. Toys with bright and shining colors that bring new light and life to the eyes of children come marching gayly from this German town as if they were following some modern Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The visitor to this quaint town will hear, on passing almost any house, a strange, sibilant sound. If he enters the house he will find one or more members of the family busy with blowpipes forming the fragile glass

balls and other decorations that adorn Christmas trees. Mother, Grandmother and the children are all busy painting toys and packing them for the long journey they are to take, often across the seas.

Old documents show that for two hundred years Sonneberg has been sending toys to all parts of the world. Among the most precious treasures in the local toy museum are queer little wooden animals that are colored with bilberry juice. There is quite a collection of old-fashioned toys, horses with colts, elks, cuckoos, spherical women holding in their arms babies that they dandle when one pulls a string.

Presently toy-making developed beyond the use of wood alone, the first material. A more plastic material was needed; it was finally hit upon in the form of the so-called "bread dough," a mixture of glue, water and rye flour. At first a layer of this was applied to the wooden objects and details were modeled with it. Wooden dolls were provided with faces or even whole heads of this dough.

The next step brought figures entirely of dough, with merely



Tiny Town makes toys for the World

a frame of wire. Tiny figures of this kind, which were modeled entirely by hand, were in many instances made so tastefully and delicately that they can be regarded as plastic masterpieces. But the material was far from perfect—it was likely to crack if it dried too fast or to mildew if it dried too slowly. Furthermore it furnished a delightful food for mice, which often nibbled at their favorite toys throughout the night.

THE mice did not like it one bit when the toy-makers of Sonneberg suddenly changed to papier-mache for toy-making and no

longer used the rye flour dough. The mice did not like the mineral matter in the new composition and refused to touch it, much to the relief of the toy-makers.

The toy-makers of Sonneberg try to keep abreast of the times. The boys of today have become more in favor of mechanical toys, toys that will do something, and accordingly the toy-makers are turning out new styles in automobiles, rocket-cars, miniature planes, sailboats and other late developments.

New style dolls are being made for the girls of the world. In hundreds of home-factories are being made the so-called "human" dolls; they have snub noses, freckles, maybe a mole or two, and other features that are not possessed by the winners of juvenile beauty contests. The old-fashioned bisque doll, with her plump cheeks and her wavy hair, is soon to become a thing of the past. Only in some cupboards, carefully packed by a girl who doesn't intend to grow up, will she display her charms. Modern dolls that can talk seem to have talked her into taking a well-earned rest.



Christ or Santa Claus?

By M. JENKINS JONES

We have no quarrel with Santa Claus. He is a dear old mythical character intertwined with sweet memories, but we do agree that we should teach our children of the greatest of all givers.—Eds.

AT Christmas time it seems rather a coincidence that a few of my acquaintances decide to give me a few presents and present them all the same day. So it is with those who do not fully understand and appreciate the significance of this day set apart as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ.

When we celebrate the birthdays of our great men, we think of things they have done, their examples of clean, honest living. We contemplate their teaching and their lessons. In celebrating Wash-

ington's birthday, we think of his career as a surveyor, as a soldier, as commander in chief of his country's army, and finally as President. His was a career of morally and physically clean and courageous living. He made of himself a worthy example for us to set before our children. We are not ashamed to discuss his life. We hang flags out to show our patriotism.

WHEN we celebrate Lincoln's birthday, we think of the unforgettable incident of his walking for miles to return a few pennies. His honesty was real. Nor can we forget his life while a young boy in the backwoods. What a story to tell the little ones! Lincoln's life is made even more idealistic by his celebrated debate

with Douglas and his immortal Gettysburg address. But the real Lincoln is the Lincoln who fought for his country with the help of God.

The children of today know much about those men who are considered great. But, when the birthday of the greatest man who ever lived on this earth comes along, we tell the children of Santa Claus. The children unknowingly come to the conclusion that Christmas is in honor of Saint Nick, and we make it so. Christmas is for Christ, not Santa Claus. Are we ashamed of Christ? Are we afraid to be called Christians? Have we lost our love of truth? The most beautiful story the world has ever known is as beautiful today as it was when it was being enacted in and about Bethlehem

(Continued on page 891)

The Power of Truth

The Courage to Face Ingratitude

At this Christmas time is afforded an opportunity to reveal our gratitude to Him who gave so much, by giving, or our ingratitude by showing in our acts that we do not appreciate His sacrifice.

INGRATITUDE, the most popular sin of humanity, is forgetfulness of the heart. It is the revelation of the emptiness of pretended loyalty. The individual who possesses it finds it the shortest cut to all the other vices.

Ingratitude is a crime more despicable than revenge, which is only returning evil for evil, while ingratitude returns evil for good. People who are ungrateful rarely forgive you if you do them a good turn. Their microscopic hearts represent the humiliation of having been helped by a superior, and this ranking feeling filtering through their petty natures often ends in hate and treachery.

Gratitude is thankfulness expressed in action. It is the instinctive radiation of justice, giving new life and energy to the individual from whom it emanates. It is the heart's recognition of kindness that the lips cannot repay. Gratitude never counts its payments. It realizes that no debt of kindness can ever be outlawed, ever be cancelled, ever paid in full. Gratitude ever feels the insignificance of its instalments; ingratitude the nothingness of the debt. Gratitude is the flowering of a seed of kindness; ingratitude is the dead inactivity of a seed dropped on a stone.

The expectation of gratitude is human; the rising superior to ingratitude is almost divine. To desire recognition of our acts of kindness and to hunger for appreciation and the simple justice of a return of good for good, is natural. But man never rises to the dignity of true living until he has the courage that dares to face ingratitude calmly, and to pursue his course unchanged when his good works meet with thanklessness or disdain.

Man should have only one court of appeals as to his actions, not

"what will be the result?" "how will it be received?" but "is it right?" Then he should live his life in harmony with this standard alone, serenely, bravely, loyally and unfalteringly, making "right for right's sake" both his ideal and his inspiration.

MAN should not be an automatic gas-machine, cleverly contrived to release a given quantity of illumination under the stimulus of a nickel. He should be like the great sun itself which ever radiates light, warmth, life and power, because it cannot help doing so, because these qualities fill the heart of the sun, and for it to have them means that it must give them constantly. Let the sunlight of our sympathy, tenderness, love, appreciation, influence and kindness ever go out from us as a glow to brighten and hearten others. But do not let us ever spoil it all by going through life constantly collecting receipts, as vouchers, to stick on the file of our self-approval.

It is hard to see those who have sat at our board in the days of our prosperity, flee as from pestilence when misfortune darkens our doorway; to see the loyalty upon which we would have staked our life, that seemed firm as a rock, crack and splinter like thin glass at the first real test; to know that the fire of friendship at which we could ever warm our hands in our hour of need, has turned to cold, dead, gray ashes, where warmth is but a haunting memory.

To realize that he who once lived in the sanctuary of our affection, in the frank confidence where conversation seemed but our soliloquy, and to whom our aims and aspirations have been thrown open with no Bluebeard chamber of reserve, has been secretly poison-

ing the waters of our reputation and undermining us by his lies and treachery, is hard indeed. But no matter how the ingratitude stings us, we should just swallow the sob, stifle the tear, smile serenely and bravely, and—seek to forget.

In justice to ourselves we should not permit the ingratitude of a few to make us condemn the whole world. We pay too much tribute to a few human insects when we let their wrong-doing paralyze our faith in humanity. It is a lie of the cynics that says "*all men are ungrateful*," a companion lie to "*all men have their price*." We must trust humanity if we would get good from humanity. He who thinks all mankind is vile is a pessimist who mistakes his introspection for observation; he looks into his own heart and thinks he sees the world. He is like a cross-eyed man, who never sees what he seems to be looking at.

CONFIDENCE and credit are the cornerstones of business, as they are of society. Withdraw them from business and the activities and enterprises of the world would stop in an instant, topple and fall into chaos. Withdraw confidence in humanity from the individual, and he becomes but a breathing, selfish egotist, the one good man left, working overtime in nursing his petty grudge against the world because a few whom he has favored have been ungrateful.

If a man receives a counterfeit dollar he does not straightway lose his faith in all money,—at least there are no such instances on record in this country. If he has a run of three or four days of dull weather he does not say "the sun ceases to exist, there are surely no bright days to come in the whole calendar of time."

By

William George Jordan

If a man's breakfast is rendered an unpleasant memory by some item of food that has outlived its usefulness, he does not forswear eating. If a man finds under a tree an apple with a suspicious looking hole on one side, he does not condemn the whole orchard; he simply confines his criticism to that apple. But he who has helped some one who, later, did not pass a good examination on gratitude, says in a voice plaintive with the consciousness of injury, and with a nod of his head that implies the wisdom of Solomon: "I have had my experience, I have learned my lesson. This is the last time I will have faith in any man. I did this for him, and that for him, and now, look at the result!"

Then he unrolls a long schedule of favors, carefully itemized and added up, till it seems the pay-roll of a great city. He complains of the injustice of one man, yet he is willing to be unjust to the whole world, making it bear the punishment of the wrong of an individual. There is too much vicarious suffering already in this earth of ours without this illiputian attempt to extend it by syndicating one man's ingratitude. If one man drinks to excess, it is not absolute justice to send the whole world to jail.

THE farmer does not expect every seed that he sows in hope and faith to fall on good ground and bring forth its harvest; he is perfectly certain that this will not be so, cannot be. He is counting on the final outcome of many seeds, on the harvest of all, rather than on the harvest of one. If you really want gratitude, and must have it, be willing to make many men your debtors.

The more unselfish, charitable and exalted the life and mission of the individual, the larger will be the number of instances of ingratitude that must be met and vanquished. The thirty years of Christ's life was a tragedy of ingestitudes. Ingratitude is manifest in three degrees of intensity in the world—He knew them all in numberless bitter instances.

The first phase, the simplest and most common, is that of thoughtless thanklessness, as was shown in the case of the ten lepers healed in one day—nine departed without a word, only one gave thanks.

The second phase of ingratitude

is denial, a positive sin, not the mere negation of thanklessness. This was exemplified in Peter, whose selfish desire to stand well with two maids and some bystanders, in the hour when he had the opportunity to be loyal to Christ, forgot his friendship, lost all thought of his indebtedness to his Master, and denied Him, not once or twice, but three times.

The third phase of ingratitude is treachery, where selfishness grows vindictive, as shown by Judas, the honored treasurer of the little band of thirteen, whose jealousy, ingratitude, and thirty pieces of silver, made possible the tragedy of Calvary.

These three—thanklessness, denial and treachery—run the gamut of ingratitude, and the first leads to the second, and the second prepares the way for the third.

We must ever tower high above dependence on human gratitude or we can do nothing really great, nothing truly noble. The expectation of gratitude is the alloy of an otherwise virtuous act. It even dulls the edge of even our best actions. Most persons look at gratitude as a protective tariff on virtues. The man who is weakened in well-doing by the ingratitude of others, is serving God on a salary basis. He is a hired soldier, not a volunteer. He should be honest enough to see that he is working for a reward; like a child, he is being good for a bonus. He is really regarding his kindness and his other expressions of goodness as moral stock he is willing to hold only so long as they pay dividends.

There is in such living always a

touch of the pose; it is waiting for the applause of the gallery. We must let the consciousness of doing right, of living up to our ideals, be our reward and stimulus, or life will become to us but a series of failures, sorrow and disappointments.

MUCH of the seeming ingratitude in life comes from our magnifying of our own acts, our minifying of the acts of others. We may have over-estimated the importance of something that we have done; it may have been most trivial, purely incidental, yet the marvelous working of the loom of time brought out great and unexpected results to the recipient of our favor. We often feel that wondrous gratitude is due us, though we were in no wise the inspiration of the success we survey with such a feeling of pride. A chance introduction given by us on the street may, through an infinity of circumstances, make our friend a millionaire. Thanks may be due us for the introduction, and perhaps not even that, for it might have been unavoidable, but surely we err when we expect him to be meekly grateful to us for his subsequent millions.

The essence of truest kindness lies in the grace with which it is performed. Some men seem to discount all gratitude, almost make it impossible, by the way in which they grant favors. They make you feel so small, so mean, so inferior; your cheeks burn with indignation in the acceptance of the boon you seek at their hands. You feel it is like a bone thrown at a dog, instead of the quick, sympathetic graciousness that foretells your explanations and waives your thanks with a smile, the pleasure of one friend who has been favored with the opportunity to be of service to another. The man who makes another feel like an insect reclining on a red-hot stove while he is receiving a favor, has no right to expect future gratitude,—he should feel satisfied if he receives forgiveness.

Let us forget the good deeds we have done by making them seem small in comparison with the greater things we are doing, and the still greater acts we hope to do. This is true generosity, and will develop gratitude in the soul of him who has been helped, unless

(Continued on page 890)



King Winter Pays Washington, D. C. a visit.—by Glen Perrins, Ogden, Utah



My Chance

*SLEEP, babe of mine, and while you sleep
I'll watch, the whole time through,
And may your dreams be half as sweet
As are my dreams for you.*



*Rest, babe of mine, I'll guard your rest
While dead hopes rise anew;
My half-forgotten hopes of youth
May be fulfilled in you.*

By
L. PAUL ROBERTS
Photograph by
LELAND VAN WAGONER

*A kindly God who saw me fail,
In mercy, gave me you,
My dear, beloved, Second Chance
To strive and be and do.*

Those whose feet are having difficulty finding the "path to the stars," will enjoy this thought-provoking article by Judge Jensen. Here he is advancing the idea that Faith, after all, is the eternal bridge which spans the chasm between the known and the unknown.



The Eternal Bridge

By

NEPHI JENSEN



AS I write I have before me a book. "The Unseen World" is the title. This title obviously suggests the authorship of a preacher. A few pages from the opening chapter appears the following: "At the very beginning (of the learning process) there is something that might be described as an act of faith." Now of course you are convinced that a theologian is the author.

But you are mistaken. The book was actually written by that internationally known scientist Arthur Stanley Eddington. By way of amplification of his thought he says, "We look in the telescope because we believe that what our eyes have to show us is significant."

A hundred illustrations taken from every day life could be found in support of this great scientist's conclusion. A student of mathematics is at work attempting to solve a problem by using a given method. Why does he follow this particular method? Not because he knows it is the right one. If he knew it was the right one he would not need to solve the problem. He follows the precise method simply because he believes it will work.

Another student is in the chemical laboratory trying to obtain certain results by the use of a formula. Why does he follow the particular formula? For the same reason that the mathematical stu-

dent follows his method. He believes it will work.

A student takes one course of study rather than another. Why? Not because he knows it is the best; but because he accepts the advice of instructors, and so throughout every ramification of the learning process we are actually guided by faith.

Doctor Benjamin Moore, an outstanding bio-chemist, gave this idea of faith another phrasing. In his "Origin of Life" he says, "It is by the imagination that science is led from discovery to discovery." This is a most significant description of the secret of scientific achievement. And it is profoundly true.

EVERY advance in science is made by stepping from the known to the unknown. This step cannot be taken by the aid of absolute knowledge alone, for knowledge has not yet crossed the chasm. Nor can the ordinary reason bridge the gulf. Reason can only take us to the outer edge of what is known. If we go beyond the outskirts of what we know, we must be led by a faculty that outstrips knowledge and reason.

What is it in the mind that makes it venture into the unexplored realm? It is the faculty that can infer the unknown from what is known without understanding or reasoning out the rela-



tionship between the two. Or, in other words, it is the power to get a definite mental image of what has not yet been seen or discovered.

But it is not enough to imagine or surmise the existence of the unknown. Unless the inference of the existence of what has not yet come within the range of our knowledge, awakens within us the belief that we can, by investigation or experimentation actually come to know what we imagine is a fact, we shall not be "led on from discovery to discovery." Imagination gives us the first glimpse of the unknown; but it is bold venturing faith that carries us across the chasm to new facts and new truths.

This power to get an inference or intimation of the unknown by a sort of quick intuition is the secret of all discovery. Or, in other words, it is the lamp of faith that sheds its rays far beyond the frontiers of what has been discovered; and leads the way to new discoveries.

The marvelous discoveries of Pasteur in the field of bacteriology furnish a striking illustration of how an inference of unknown truth intensified by an abiding conviction, urges the scientist on-

ward in his ceaseless experiments.

IN 1859 there was a great agitation among scientists on the question of life. Most of the scholars of the time accepted the theory that life came into existence spontaneously from inorganic matter. Philosophers and naturalists assented to this conclusion. Pasteur did not agree with them. He conceived that the discovery of the secret of fermentation would throw light on the subject. He surmised that fermentation was caused by the contact of living organisms with unliving substance. To start with it was only a surmise. But back of that surmise was an intense conviction that the inference was true. That faith spurred him on irresistibly in his painstaking experiments. Learned associates tried to dissuade him. M. Biot told him that he would never find the secret. But despite discouragement and notwithstanding the illusiveness of the secret, he plodded on through the years. His faith triumphed gloriously. He verified his first intimation. He also discovered that putrefaction is caused by living organisms coming in contact with fleshy and other substances. Out of these simple discoveries came the whole splendid modern theory of the cause of disease. And the man whose faith and industry blazed the way from gross ignorance to enlightenment in the field of medicine, has come to be called the "most perfect man that has ever entered the kingdom of science."

While Pasteur was ardently experimenting with tartaric acids in the hope of producing racemic acid, he wrote, "There is an abyss to cross." There is an abyss to cross in all scientific research. It is the abyss that separates the unknown from the known. It cannot be crossed by mere half-hearted, aimless experimentation. The abyss is often so wide that years of industry are necessary to cross it. Only faith's foresight can give the courage necessary to accomplish the tremendous task.

In the field of invention it is the same quick intuitive inference of the unknown quickened into action by faith, that carries the inventor onward in his discoveries. In 1826 there were hundreds of men who knew that a current of electricity

would instantly pass from one end of a piece of wire to the other. Knowledge of this simple fact, however, did not lead them to conclude that both ends of the wire at long distances apart might be made to record simultaneously the same characters or figures; and thereby become a means of instantaneous communication. They could not cross the chasm between what was known about electricity and the unknown fact of telegraphy. Why? Simply because they did not have the lamp of faith. But there was one man who had faith's marvelous intuition. His name is Samuel F. B. Morse. He quickly inferred from the known fact that electrical energy would make a piece of wire behave the same way at both ends at the same time that it would be possible to make the two ends of a piece of wire at long distances apart record the same ideas. He not only caught this inference, but with it came the confident belief that the inference was true. This faith impelled him to make innumerable experiments until in 1835 electrical telegraphy became an established fact.

THE light of faith has been the torch of progress in the realm of geographical discovery. In 1492 there were many book geographers who accepted the fact of the rotundity of the earth. But these cloistered students of the earth's form and size did not dare venture out on the trackless ocean. They were without the faith that boldly strikes out into the realm of the unseen and unknown. They could only reason about the significance of the known geographical facts. And timid reason always hugs close to the shore; it never sets out upon the vast undiscovered ocean.

But at that time there was one most remarkable mariner. His name is Christopher Columbus. He was no more certain than the cloistered geographers that the earth is round. But he had something they did not have. He had something akin to vision. He had faith. By this faith his mind boldly leaped from the idea of the earth's rotundity to the conclusion that he could sail westward and reach the east coast of India. This was a most daring conception. It outstripped all that the geographers had ever dreamed of. This simple mariner was able to outreach all

that these book students had conceived because he was inspired and sustained by an all-seeing and all-comprehending faith. By this sublime faith he ventured out into the trackless and specter-infested ocean. By faith he was nerved with courage to sail on, even when his crew mutinied and insisted upon returning. By this faith a new world was given to the old.

"Oh! world, thou choosest not the better part,

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes;
But it is wisdom to believe the heart,
Columbus found a world and had no chart

Save one that Faith deciphered in the skies;

To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art,
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That light the pathway but one step ahead

Across the void of mystery and dread.
Bid then the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Into the thinking of the thought Divine."

IN the realm of the spiritual, faith is preeminently the key that unlocks the door to the vast unknown. Between the finite and the infinite there is limitless space. Who can cross this vast unexplored domain? The scientist cannot look across with his powerful telescope. One astronomer tried, and ended by saying, "I have swept the heavens and have no God." The philosopher with his profound thoughts about the ultimate reality has not been able by reason to find Deity. Herbert Spencer tried. He ended his profound and exhaustive studies with the sad confession "God is unknowable." This is a pathetic acknowledgment of the futile search for the Maker of all, by one who failed to follow his own formula for the ascertainment of truth. In his "First Principles" Spencer says, "We only know things through phenomena." Translated into simpler terms, this great basic rule, governing the acquisition of knowledge might be made to read, we only know things by the way they act, or by what they manifest. In his quest of the knowledge of nature, Spencer followed this simple guide. He went direct to nature to see what nature manifests or reveals. But he never went direct to God to ascertain what God reveals to those who seek Him.

(Continued on page 884)

The Beloved Cinderella

By

Mary Imlay
TAYLOR

PART SIX

STARGRASS, the lovely girl grown S from the deserted baby the Binneys had found and loved as their own, was not theirs any more—she was the daughter of rich Mr. Blanchard. Pap Binney, broken-hearted, felt that something was wrong; Mr. Binney, weeping, comforted him by telling him that Star would be happy there in the big house—would have everything a girl's heart could desire.

Up at the big house everything seemed strange to Star—cold and unfriendly—and Etta, niece of Blanchard was frankly hostile. Even the friendship of John Nelson, Blanchard's secretary, could not counter-balance the sinister familiarity of James Carr.

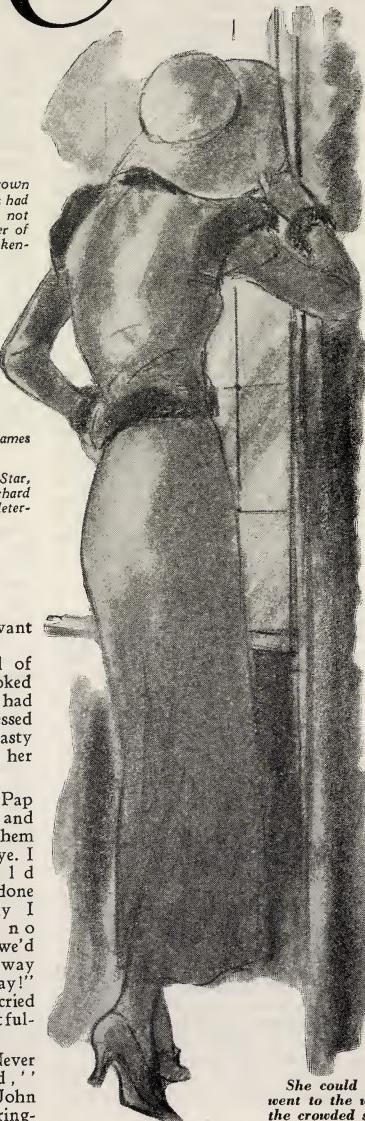
Ma Binney, hungry for a sight of Star, is caught in the shrubbery by Blanchard and Nelson. Blanchard reiterates his determination to take Star away.

"Oh, but I didn't want to come away like this!"

Star stood in the big hall of Blanchard's city house and looked aghast at John Nelson. She had come downstairs again, still dressed as she had come from the hasty journey, her big hat shading her troubled eyes.

"I wanted to go to see them, Pap and Mrs. Binney, I mean, and bid them goodbye. I would have done it only I had no idea we'd come away to stay!" she cried regretfully.

"Never mind," said John reassuring-



MA BINNEY

ly. "They'll understand. They'll know it wasn't your fault."

"I don't see how they can know that!" Star retorted, with a flash of indignation. "It looks exactly as if—as if I'd turned into a snob because my father has money! I—tell me," she came down a step and leaned over the banisters, looking at him searchingly, "please tell me the truth, nobody does now—was I taken away on purpose? To keep me from seeing them, from having them about?"

John flushed. "Aren't you asking a leading question—of an innocent party?" he parried.

"That was it, then!" she cried with conviction. "I know—by your face!" She turned away, looking across the hall and out of the window that commanded a wide city avenue. It held her for an instant, then she looked around at Nelson, her face pale again and vividly young.

"It can't change me," she said in a low voice, "nothing can—I love them!"

"I'm glad of that!" he exclaimed warmly. "I should hate to think anything could change you!"

Star—whose mind had been full of Pap and Ma



PAP BINNEY

She could not look around at him again; she went to the window and stood staring down into the crowded street below with unseeing eyes.

Binney, of this abrupt breaking away from them, as if she had betrayed their love—suddenly became aware of the young man who was looking at her.

"You must not change, Star!" He laid his hand over hers on the banisters. "Promise me, you will not!" he whispered, bending toward her.

Star lifted her long lashes and gave him a shy, questioning look. "Why are you so afraid I'll change?" she asked softly.

"Because you're perfect as you are!"

"Am I?"

"To me you are!" he replied with a smothered groan, his face twitching suddenly in the dim light of the old hall.

There was a little silence, then she laughed tremulously.

"Do you remember that fork? I'm not so bad now—am I?"

"So bad? You were always perfect!" he cried, and then suddenly he remembered, she was the heiress, his employer's daughter; what had he to offer to such a girl? He had no right!

"Star, don't look at me like that!" he exclaimed bitterly. "It's a mercy, perhaps, that you're going to Paris, I—I might say too much if you stayed!"

"To Paris?" she gasped. "What do you mean?"

HE had been struggling with himself and, for the moment, he had conquered an overwhelming impulse to tell her that he loved her. But he was white and shaken; had he got to stand aside and see a fellow—well, a fellow like Jim Carr—get her? "God knows I couldn't do it!" he thought. Then he pulled himself together.

"You're on your way to Paris now," he answered with white lips. "Paris? Oh!" Star's hand tightened on his wrist. "I—why, I'd have to bid the Binneys goodbye then. Surely, Father would have let me know in time!"

He nodded soberly. "Perhaps I've been premature in telling you, but I know Mr. Blanchard has made some such plan—Paris for a year."

A sudden lovely flush went up over the girl's pale face.

"Paris! Oh, I'd love to see it, but—I'm not going alone?" she asked in a frightened way. "Not

among strangers with — with Etta?"

"And your father, of course."

"Oh!" She thought a moment, then she turned and looked at him, something tantalizing and sweet in her gray eyes. "Are you going too, John Nelson?"

He was grave, he had himself in hand now. "If your father goes, probably—yes."

"But I'd go back to Fishkill Point and see Pap first?" she asked, watching him.

He hesitated. "I think not—if you go soon."

She drew a quick breath. "There—I said so! They don't want me to see the dear old Binneys again—I mean my father and Etta—I can see it! I shan't go—unless I can bid those two goodbye!" she cried.

Nelson, standing away from the stairs now, averted his face. He loved her, loved her all the more for her faithfulness to the old people who had sheltered her, but he must keep his mouth shut. There was only one thing to do.

"Star," he said gently, "if you go to Paris you can write them. If, after a year in Paris, when you realize how rich you are, how beautiful, how sought, you still remember them—I think they'll have great cause to rejoice. It's the acid test, Star, I—" he looked gravely up into her eyes—"I wonder if you'll forget?"

SHE returned his look a moment, then she turned away, a slight flush on her face. Half way up the stairs she leaned over the banisters and spoke in a low voice, a voice that he remembered always.

"I never forget those—I love!" she said, and fled upward.

In the upper hall she met her father with some papers in his hand.

"What's wrong, Mary Agnes?" "Father, are we going abroad?"

He looked at her a moment before he answered. "Yes, to Paris, my child. I've just arranged over the phone. We'll sail tomorrow night."

Star flushed. "Father, I want to go back to Fishkill Point now—there's time. Can I? I'll be back tomorrow; I'm sure I can do it!"

He looked gravely at her. "Why do you want to go?"

Her lips trembled. "To bid them goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Bin-

ney, Father, they—they've been so good to me!"

He laid his hand on her shoulder. "That's all right, my dear. Very commendable in you, but you can phone goodbye, if you wish. I can't let you go down there again now—the time's too short.

STAR made no effort to hide her tears; suddenly they fell like rain. "I love them," she said brokenly. "Why couldn't I say goodbye?"

He said nothing for awhile, but she felt his hand tighten on her shoulder, and when he spoke again there was a change in his voice.

"I can't let you go, my child; you care more for those old people than you do for your own father! Naturally, I suppose, but I can't let it go on. They're not the people I want about my daughter. You must break with them, Mary Agnes; it may as well be now as any other time."

Star drew away from him. Her tears dried. She gave him a startled look, girlish enough, and yet with a penetration in it that he felt with an instant of uneasiness.

"You mean I must give them up altogether?" she asked.

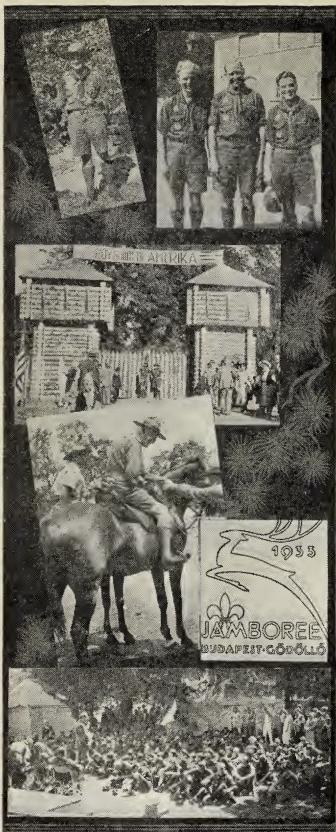
He nodded, patting her shoulder. "You're my daughter, you'll have considerable wealth and a place in the world. I'm sure, when you think it over, you'll see that you can't keep on calling old Man Binney 'Pap,' for instance. It isn't suitable."

"If they'd left me lying in the grass that morning, Father, I wouldn't be here now," she said simply.

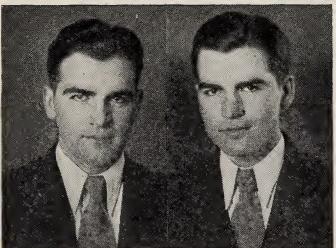
"They couldn't. Common humanity prompted the care they gave you then," he retorted dryly. "You're over sensitive, my child, these people play on it. I haven't told you, but the old woman was hanging around the place so openly that I had to tell her she wasn't wanted."

"Mother Binney? Oh, how could you!" Star was shocked; she turned hot all over at the thought.

She could not look around at him again; she went to the window and stood staring down into the crowded street below with unseeing eyes. After a moment she heard him going heavily down stairs, this new determining force in her life, but she did not look around. (*To be Continued.*)



SCENES FROM SCOUT JAMBOREE
 Top, left to right: James G. Anderson, the author of this article
 A. C. Hull, Merrill Christopherson, James G. Anderson
 Entrance to the American Camp.
 Chief Scout of the World, Sir Robert Baden-Powell
 White Stag
 Assistant Scout Executive Oscar A. Kirkham addressing the American Contingent
 Below: James G. and Gerald Anderson, twins who are both in Europe on a Mission



At the World Scout Jamboree

By

JAMES G. ANDERSON

Scout Executive of the Swiss-German Mission

TADITION says that while Hunor and Magyar, forefathers of the Hun and Hungarian nations, were out hunting the white stag with a troop of warriors, they were led into the beautiful, fertile land of Hungary. There they settled and established a brother nation. On account of this old Hungarian legend, the white stag has been the sacred animal of Hungary, symbolizing national aspirations, a revelation of divine mission. These aspirations were partly realized in 1933, when the miraculous stag was adopted as the emblem of the World Boy Scout Jamboree. It led the boys of the world to establish for two weeks, a world-empire of Scouts in the beautiful Royal Palace Garden in Godolo, Hungary.

Received with open arms and smiling faces, accompanied by the strains of the Rakoczi march and Gypsy music, 35,000 Boy Scouts representing 56 countries (including the English colonies), and more languages than were at the tower of Babel, pitched their tents, and enjoyed the comforts of Hungarian hospitality and lived as brothers and not as foreigners, to each other. It touched every fibre of one's soul to be hailed by a hearty "Jo Munkat" (Hungarian word meaning "Good work").

This was the fourth great milestone marking the way to the possibility of establishing or maintaining world peace and world brotherhood. This is not a visionary hope, but is becoming valid, as was seen in the previous Jamborees in London, Copenhagen, and Birkenhead. There one saw the "Body of the brotherhood in actual existence merely needing the spirit to make it a living force," as carrying out the words of Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout of the world and founder of the Boy Scout Movement: "The future safety and welfare—, nay the very life of our respective countries, depends upon their keeping the peace with one another in the coming years. If therefore, we mean to serve the best interests of our countries and prevent disastrous warfare, our aims must necessarily be, to sink any personal prejudices we may hold and bring up the next generation as 'Friends' and not as 'Foreigners' to one another."

DURING these two weeks of international encampment, a regular program was outlined and carried out each day. The first call of the bugles broke the deep slumber and comfort of the young campers, and the chopping of wood thundered above the echo of many peaceful snores, while the blare of 15 bands filled the air with marshal strains, which set each day in tune, but the call for breakfast was the most pleasing to the ears of the boys. After breakfast came the flag raising ceremony, then inspection and general instruction. The afternoon time was taken up by the many individual demonstrations

(Continued on page 883)

North Eastman,
December 15.

Miss Dorothy Bellair,
Centrapolis, O.,
Dear Dot:

I AM writing this hurriedly to decline your kind invitation for the holidays, and you must know without me telling you how much I hate to do it.

You always have such wonderful times—and then with Paul practically mine for the asking (*he* was to do that, of course) it's rather hard to turn him over to the arts and wiles of Sue Ryan for a week, and holiday week at that! Because for all Paul's so terribly attractive I hardly think constancy is one of his outstanding virtues, do you? You might just as well wrap him in holly paper, tie a red ribbon on him and present him to Sue, with my compliments on Christmas morning. For I've got a feeling its practically all over but the showers now. You know how psychic I am.

And I always did hanker to be proposed to under the mistletoe, in the soft glow from the yule log, while the resinous fragrance of the Christmas tree filled the air! Oh, well, cough medicine smells piney, too, and that's what will probably perfume my Christmas Eve. At any rate, Donald, Jr., has a decided tendency to croup!

And now you will want to know what I am doing in North Eastman raving about croup instead of accepting an invitation to a perfectly galumptious house party to which Paul Rockwell is also invited.

Well, it's just one of those things that happen to me. I never set my heart on anything but someone has to throw a monkey wrench right into the middle of my plans. This time it's Donald's parents.

A very fine old couple, too, but terribly lacking in judgment. The idea of picking Christmas for a wedding day! As if there isn't enough going on at Christmas time without crowding in a wedding! Inconsiderate, I call it. It may simply mean that I never have a wedding day! For it's Paul or nobody with me, you know I'm that faithful type—simply a one-man woman!

And by the way, when you get my announcement it'll be dated June 1st. I'm not going to spoil anybody's Christmas vacation fifty



There were ten of these relations, see? That is, ten were written down on the paper. That didn't count all the waifs and strays rung in by the children after Donald and Kate were safely away.

or a hundred years from now like this dear old pair has done with their celebration!

You see, it's their golden wed-ding this time and the family are gathering in from far and near and naturally Donald and Kate want to go. And that would be perfectly grand if they could only take the children.

But what do you suppose? The little pests have gone and got themselves exposed to the mumps and

Kate is afraid to take them—they might swell up right at the party and expose all the precious little cousins!

Of course, she said she'd stay at home and let Donald go, but the aged bride and groom wouldn't hear of that! Said it would simply spoil the party if Katie wasn't there. It's simply abnormal to think as much of an in-law as those people do of Kate! Well, anyway, there was a grand family pow-wow

Dear Dot:

By

ESTELLE WEBB THOMAS

Polly Parrish writes letters instead of visiting her friend, "Dear Dot," but then letters can tell a great deal if one reads between the lines a bit.



and in the end it was decided to send for dear little sister Polly and throw her to the wolves, as usual. Kate could not possibly trust those precious youngsters with anyone less, except, perhaps a registered nurse, and that was out of the financial question.

Of course, they supposed I was coming home for the holidays as usual, and I only needed to have mentioned your house party and Kate would have died at her post rather than have me miss it—but the poor thing never sticks her nose out of the door unless on duty bound and I could see this golden wedding was her idea of one grand spree, so I nobly stepped into the breach and let her off for a week's dissipation.

The one gleam in the gloom is that I'm to buy the presents for a list of relatives that Kate hasn't had time to fix up, and I simply love to shop for Christmas things! And then fixing the tree and hanging up the stockings and everything would be fun if it wasn't for thinking about Sue ogling Paul in that perfectly disgusting way she has! Oh, well, I always was a human sacrifice and always expect to be! I only hope my heroism will be highly appreciated sometime—even if it's after I'm gone.

So, goodbye! I'll forgive you for inviting Sue, dear! You couldn't know I would not be there to fight for my rights.

On with the dance! Let joy be unconfin'd! Don't waste one holiday thought on poor

Martyred

Polly.

P. S.—Donald assures me that the mumps are simply *nothing* to worry about. (Then why all this

solicitude for the cousins?) And Kate says she is certain (almost) that she and I had them when I was a mere baby. So don't let my peril cast too deep a gloom over the festivities.

P. Parrish.

North Eastman,
December 20.

Dear Dot:

THE fifth day is now drawing to a close without a mump on the horizon. I'm beginning to think that the whole thing was a plot of Donald's and Kate's to cast off the shackles of parenthood and step out a bit. And out of the generosity of my heart I told them they might as well make it two weeks while they were about it and pay a visit to Great-aunt Katherine, who may mention Kate in her will if all goes well.

Well, I may as well be the goat as one of the kids—as the saying goes—and the kids aren't so bad at that, while we're on the subject. Hal, the twelve-year-old, is almost human, and the others show gleams of human intelligence at times. I could actually love the baby if the fat little beggar wasn't named Paul, and that reminds me of what he's doing me out of.

Did I mention that I was looking forward with pleasure to that shopping spree? Har! Listen, dearie, never take on a job of Christmas shopping for your relative's relatives. Especially during a Big National Depression! Dot, I'm a changed woman since that day! The golden hair has turned to silver gray, and I walk with faltering step, and slow.

But here are the ghastly details.

There were ten of these relations, see? That is, ten were written down on the paper. That didn't count all the waifs and strays rung in by the children after Donald and Kate were safely away. And Kate handed me a new ten dollar bill to lavish on them.

"One dollar a piece is all I can spend on them," says she firmly. "They're not the important ones," says she. "But say," she adds, as she hurries away, "I owe the butter and egg woman fifty cents, and fifteen cents to the boy who brings the hot tamales, pay them out of that, too!"

When all was quiet on the western front, I sat down to see where I stood. A little subtracting (I'm pretty good at subtraction) showed a balance of nine dollars, 35 cents, clear of debt. But when it came to stretching this into one dollar apiece for ten people, I had to call Hal. I never was any good at higher mathematics, as you may recall.

Hal read over the list as a preliminary to the deep fidgeting and laid it down with every freckle glowing with honest indignation. "Mother has left out Skinny!" he shouted. "She's told me she'd count him in, and I haven't got a thing for him!"

So we added Skinny, and on second thought, Hal decided he positively must give Chump some little thing, because Chump had given him two dozen marbles last year, and though most of them were chipped, would expect a return gift.

Katherine and Maud now horned in with urgent requests that their girl friends be not forgotten, and Donald Jr., who can bay like a bloodhound on occasion, almost brought the Fire Department with his noise before we consented to add little Freddie Bird and his Sunday School teacher, Miss Jensen, to the list.

I gave the baby a heart-felt kiss—he can't talk plain enough to be understood, and his social contacts are rather limited, besides.

The worst of it was that while the list was growing so rapidly, the sinking fund was actually sinking. The tamale boy, when he came to collect, insisted politely, but firmly, that Kate owed him twenty-five instead of fifteen cents. As he pretended not to understand a word I said when I tried to argue, just

(Continued on page 892)

The Legend of *Quetzalcoatl*

By

NORMAN C. PIERCE

WITHOUT doubt the most beautiful and authentic legend of all Indian folklore is that of "The Great White God With a Beard," the supreme deity of Mexican Indians, Quetzalcoatl, who is the same deity known by different names among many Indian tribes throughout the continent and the islands.

Quetzalcoatl, according to the legend, visited the early inhabitants of Mexico and Central America. He appeared out of the East and was known as the god of the air and rain, that which made life to all possible. Quetzalcoatl means "Serpent decked with feathers" and this symbol of him is everywhere in evidence in Indian shrines, both ancient and modern. The legend relates that he was a high priest of Tollan, and that he was a man with a white skin, a high stature, a broad forehead, large eyes, long black hair, and a bushy beard. For propriety's sake he always wore ample garments. A time came in his life when he was crucified and died for his people, his flesh was broken by arrows and spears—but he lived again! He was a god!

As stated, Quetzalcoatl came out of the East, and, although a deity, he dwelt among the common people and taught them the things they should know. He taught them virtue, penitence and fasting, and discouraged animal and human sacrifice; he showed them how to become skilled artisans, teaching them such things as metallurgy and agriculture. He gave freely of wisdom, and to those who had faith he granted immunity from distress and cured their ills and afflictions. When he wished to promulgate a law, he sent a hero whose voice could be heard a hundred leagues away, to proclaim it from the summit of Tzatzitepetl ("mountain of clamors"). Even their calendar, that causes modern science to marvel, was attributed to him.

IN Quetzalcoatl's time, according to the legend, maize attained such enormous dimensions that a single ear was all a man could carry. Gourds and melons measured not less than four feet, and it was no longer necessary



Quetzalcoatl, as depicted by the Mexican government.

to dye cotton, because all colors were produced by nature. Indian corn, singing birds and birds of brilliant plumage abounded. All men were then rich. In a word, the general belief of all tribes is that the time of Quetzalcoatl's appearance was the Golden Age of their country. And while the country was at the height of its prosperity, he disappeared by way of the ocean, saying that it was the will of higher gods that he should betake himself to another kingdom. However, he charged his followers to tell the people that he would return some day with white men, bearded like himself, and rule the people in wisdom forever.

Through the ages they waited patiently and watched carefully for his coming while priests and soothsayers prophesied the event. Finally the prophecy was thought to be fulfilled when the Europeans first touched the shores of America and the Islands. The Indians of San Salvador saw the return of this Great White God With a Beard in the coming of Columbus, the Mexicans saw him in Cortez, the Hawaiians saw him in Cook, those of the Mississippi saw him in De Soto, while the Incas saw him in Pizarro—and all were sadly, grievously disappointed, as history clearly reveals.

It is interesting to note how memory of Quetzalcoatl has been kept alive, even to this day. Everywhere beautiful temples were erected to this God, where, on periodic occasions, they would gather and have a great feast in his honor. On the steps of the temple they would perform a colorful pageant depicting deaf, lame, blind and paralyzed people. These were prayed for before his image, whereupon they would enact a miracle. The dumb at once began to speak, the lame performed acrobatic feats, and the blind opened their eyes. Even effigies of him were crucified anew.

THERE was also a special religious order in which the individual who entered was dedicated to this God. In early infancy they were consecrated to Quetzalcoatl by being presented to the superior priest and receiving an incision in the breast. At the age of seven they entered a seminary, where, after first listening to a long moral discourse, they were exhorted to conduct themselves carefully, and



THE author, Norman C. Pierce of Springville, Utah, has attended the National University at Mexico City, visited ruined cities in that locality, and has been a graduate student of foreign languages at Stanford and U. S. C.

Quetzalcoatl in the Scriptures

A FEATHERED Serpent idea: "be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." (Matt. X:16.)

High priest of Tollan: "...the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." (Heb. III:1.)

A voice heard over a hundred leagues away from Tzatzelipetl (the mountain of clamors): "...they heard a voice as if it came out of heaven—it was not a harsh voice; neither was it a loud voice . . ." (3 Nephi 11:5.)

Golden Age: "...And they had all things in common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor . . . And the Lord did prosper them exceedingly in the land." (4 Nephi 1:3-7.)

He healed: "Bring them hither and I will heal them." (3 Nephi 17:7.)

He left saying that it was the will of higher gods that he should betake himself to another kingdom: "...But now I go unto the Father, and also to show myself unto the lost tribes of Israel." (3 Nephi 17:4.)

He would return at a later day at the head of white bearded men like himself to dwell with them forever: "...I shall come in my glory with the powers of heaven." (3 Nephi 28:7.)

to pray for the people and the nation.

Even today there are so many Mexicans who still believe in Quetzalcoatl, that he will even yet return and fulfil his promises, that the Mexican government declared that Quetzalcoatl must supplant the Americanized Santa Claus as the Spirit of Christmas. And so, he it is, instead of Santa, who brings gifts to Mexican children, and reminds them that their forefathers had a white God whom they called Quetzalcoatl.

These legendary facts I gather from standard encyclopedia and the elaborate work of the eminent French archaeologist, Lucien Biart, in his book entitled "The Aztecs." Mr. Biart clinches his story by saying: "It is an incontestable fact that Quetzalcoatl created a new religion, based on fasting, penitence, and virtue; and certainly, he belonged to a race other than the one he civilized." The actual existence of this crucified God is further strengthened by the many stone crosses that have been found throughout Mexico and Peru. In fact the presence of the cross, in the proportions of the Christian symbol, on so many Mexican monuments led early Catholic missionaries to believe that Christianity had already been preached to the Indians, and St. Thomas was given the credit of having discovered America before Columbus.

A large stone cross was first noted at Vera Cruz (True Cross) where the Spaniards first settled, and from which they found immediate inspiration for a name, calling it "La Ciudad de la Vera Cruz (The City of the true cross). Many more crosses were found throughout the land that gave strength to the St. Thomas belief until leading Catholic priests took it upon themselves to discourage the idea and to destroy all available evidence in support thereof.

Yet the beautiful legend of Quetzalcoatl still lives on, and the world at large is still in darkness regarding its true significance!

↔↔↔

IF we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that practiseth not worship, prayer, and the like, no one ever saw." —Plutarch.

Divine Drama

By Bess Foster Smith

I SHOULD have liked to see the heavenly light
Across the sky—foretold by those who knew—
A shining forth upon that certain night
That had been set for Christendom's grand preview.

I should have liked to gaze with shepherd sage,
Upon that Heavenly Drama there and find
A Star that made a spotlight for a stage—
An Angel Chorus singing for mankind!

But now I long to see the second act
Of this great drama that is yet to come—
When Peace on Earth becomes a living fact—
We'll view the climax of all Christendom.

Hill Crest Tree

By Edith Cherrington

HILL tree lift your branches high,
Spread them wide, spread them far!
Your topmost bough supports the sky,
Your leaves protect a timid star.
When the silver wind rides fast
Toss your branches like the sea.
When the lightning flashes past
Join its cry of ecstasy.
Friend of storm and wind and sun,
For an hour you stand dismayed.
Are you grieving for the one
From whose trunk a cross was made?

How Marvelous is Death

By Ruth May Fox

(In loving Remembrance of two Beloved Brethren Apostle James E. Talmage and President Brigham H. Roberts)

HOW marvelous is Death!
With what majesty he crowns the brow of the righteous
As if in preparation for the presence of the King.
Such was the meditations of my heart
As sorrowing I gazed on the face of one of God's beloved,
Of whom 'twas whispered:
He is dead!

Strange!
That was yesterday
And now another stalwart has been called
Both mighty with pen and speech
Defenders of the faith,
Champions of the truth
Valiant in the Cause of Christ!
They were needed "Over there," 'tis said.
Alas! They were needed here;
But as always when the summons came
They hastened to obey.
Serenely, silently each passed through the narrow portal
Into a paradise of glory.
Such glory as "eye hath not seen
Nor ear heard
Nor entered into the heart of man."

On Christmas Eve

By Ella Waterbury Gardner

PACE—
That calm moon plainly tells you so.
Peace—
While silver shadows come and go.
Peace—
That cold air blows it to and fro.
Peace—
On all the earth; good will to man.
Peace—
Those chiming bells repeat the plan.
Peace—
Those joyous Christmas carols ran.

Christmas

By Grace P. Newton

DAY of worship, love and praise,
Merrymaking day of days;
Day of giving, love and mirth,
Bringing near the ties of earth.
Good will, fellowship and cheer—
May it last throughout the year.
We would have its gladness stay—
Joyous, festive Christmas day.

Communion

By Alberta H. Christensen

SO you are gone, they say who saw you pass
Beyond the reach of hands that begged you stay;
Silent as flowers heaped in mournful mass,
Forever lost—your voice to me—they say.
But oh, my love, perhaps they do not know
The door of our communion had been flung
Too wide for death to close; that as I go
The daily path, my heart will pause among
The things you loved—a flower of your choice,
A picture * * poem * * that magnolia tree,
Because so mute the music of your voice
Do they suppose you cannot speak to me?
When souls commune, they are not language-bound,
They need no words,—no nuances of sound!



"Asleep"

The Healing

By Theodore P. Kleven

I LIVED two thousand years of sighs—
Yet no one heard my silent cries,
No one cared or seemed to see
That things were not as they should be.
Then God looked down with smile serene
And taught me what a prayer could mean.

Autumn

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

I LIVE by the grace of God—low winds blow
Past ripened fields and vineyards swaying low;
I live by the grace of God—orchards bend,
Wrapped in a purple haze, their wealth to lend.

Blue capped, the mountains wear a dress of gold
Banded in brown and red with fold on fold.
Beneath an amber shade, mellow and new,
The sun looks down upon day's deeper hue.

And in the grace of God, one by one,
Leaves fall marking the hours, travail is done.
Oh gently take and give Him thanks for all
Who labors to prepare another fall!

Drifting Things

By Mrs. LaRene King Bleeker

THERE'S a melancholy lure attached to drifting things:
Frowning shadows formed by scudding clouds;
Swirling autumn leaves
Piled in oval mounds, like old graves;
Chaste snowdrifts with treacherous mouths;
Chunks of sodden driftwood, cast upon the shore;
Broken spars; masts; oars and staves, that were once parts of majestic ships.
There's a sadness about drifting things * *
They call our wandering boys *Drifters*.
Unthinking people look out and say:
"There they go—those lazy tramps."
Our sunburned, homeless, jobless boys!
Our red-blooded, ragged, American boys!
Calling them tramps!
Little recking that but for luck,
They too would know futility.

* * * * *

We must not let them drift too long * *
Souls can wither and shrivel and crack;
Souls can bleach and crumble
And become human driftwood. * * *
Spars, sails, clouds, leaves, and snow-drifts—
These are but passing things that often grip the heart.
It is only when boys go drifting by, that indifferent eyes follow them—
Wondering!

Gifts for Christmas—and Every Day

THREE is frostiness in the air, and excitement in faces on the street; in shop windows the annual crop of red and green and silver blossoms forth; on corners Santa Claus repeats himself and his chimney for pennies; in the hearts of men and women and children light and life and joy spring anew. For it is Christmas time—the time of gifts.

The post war years in America reached a new high in gift-giving. Such amazing mechanical toys for the boys! Such life-like, curly haired dolls for the girls! For older girls and boys who shed all pretense of adulthood at Yule-tide, gifts were lavish, and luxurious and lovely!

And then came 1929, and a Christmas tinged with foreboding and fear; gifts were not so numerous nor so elaborate; and that Christmas has been followed by three others, each less luxurious than the preceding one; and a fourth is dawning.

What are the gifts we are giving this year? What are the gifts we can give?

The experiences of the past few years, whether really or vicariously bitter and disillusioning, have taught lessons which are reflecting themselves in every home and heart in which the warmth of human sympathy has endured in the face of trials. No longer do we turn to complicated toys for the great thrill of the Christmastime; no longer do flaxen-curled dolls typify the realization of our dreams for our daughters and sisters; no longer can an etching or a bit of jewelry or an ivory trinket express to those near to us what we are feeling for them and hoping for them. Gifts have lost their tangibility and have taken on the eternal qualities of intangibility. "What we never have, remains; It is the things we have that go," sang lyrical Sara Teasdale; and by "the things we have," possibly she meant the things we can take in our hands—the things which can be seen and touched and tasted. The flowers and candy and silver and crystal of other Christmases are wilted or eaten or tarnished or broken, perhaps; but the intangible qualities remain with us—the sweet thought, the loving word, the thoughtfulness of remembrance.

Once through the mail, on Christmas Day, came a stick of gum to a woman; a message her family regarded as most peculiar. But to the woman it brought back memories of a boy of long ago who used to slip gum to her in a class at high school when the lecture became intolerably long and tedious. The gum was not gum to her—it was a symbol of the remembrance of

long ago which two people carried through the years—and the day was made brighter by that moment from other days.

This is a year when gifts of the spirit will take precedence over gifts material; when thoughts shall be greater than things; when values will be considered carefully and unreal things give place to real ones. "The more we give to others, the more we are increased," said a Chinese sage, and because of his sagacity, his utterance lives. Sympathy, understanding, encouragement, humor—these things, given away, become more firmly woven into the character of the giver. To a mother, tired and overworked, give, instead of a kitchen apron or a payment on the washing machine, a promise (kept through the year) to get dinner twice a week, or do the washing for her, and the spirit of Christmas will not dim with the passing of December. Give to a dad, gray, but youthful at heart, an hour of your time each day, to listen to his stories and philosophy, and your gifts will not fade with the candles on the Christmas tree. A little discouraged sister might welcome weekly help with her algebra as much as she would a sewing set; Buddy might be longing with all his heart for a chance to go skiing with his big brother's crowd. And these gifts of help and companionship and understanding are so easy to give and so rich in their returns. Of them, and all like them, it can be said, and truly, that it is equally blessed to give and to receive!

Emerson told the story in his simple, forceful way when he said that it is cold and lifeless to go into a shop to buy something which does not represent the life and talent of the giver. "The only gift is a portion of thyself. * * * Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture * * *." Those who have neither poem nor lamb nor corn nor picture still can give a gift which is "a portion of thyself." In making a Christmas list this December, discard the tradition of other years which has required mufflers and slippers and handkerchiefs, and go deeply into your own understanding of those to whom you want to give to find out what they need most, and you can give best. Give cheer to one who needs cheer more than handkerchiefs; give companionship, which is warmer than a scarf; give sympathy which does not wear thin like a

glove; and the Christmas of this year will put new meaning into life and new glory into the meaning of Christmas.

—E. T. B.



Lights & Shadows on the Screen

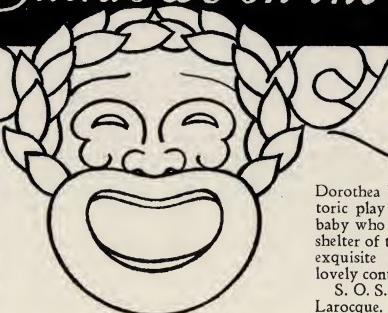


Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII"

WE watch with a certain tenseness the actual box-office receipts," writes Alice Ames Winter, former president of the National Council of Women, to Friends of the Better Picture Movement. "It is evident that the kinds of picture the public patronizes are the kinds of picture that will continue to be made. So please cheer yourself by this report—it was compiled by an expert, reported at a church conclave and commented on in the press. Of twenty-six 'oversexed' pictures made this last year only two, *Hold Your Man* and *She Done Him Wrong*, were outstanding financial successes. One picture ** was good; one was not quite good. Nine were fair ** thirteen were poor. * * By this no one can claim that the sexy type is the chief joy of the public.

"On the other hand, word comes in of the immense vogue of gay clean fun in *Three Little Pigs*, and of beauty and music and background in *Be Mine Tonight*. * * Enthusiastic praise hails Berkeley Square's first appearance, as delicate and beautiful a performance as has ever found its way to the screen."

Telling of pictures now on their way, Mrs. Winter says: "We seem due for a wave of historical pictures



WHAT sort of motion picture advertising appeals to you? Do you go to see a certain picture because the bill board signs intrigue your interests? Do the trade-ads in the newspapers convince you that a certain picture should go on your "Must be seen" list? Do you read the comments and criticisms which accompany the boxed trade-ad? Do they impress you; do they persuade? What does? The Era will pay \$1 each for the five best replies to the above questions. Think for awhile, then write yourself for a few days and write and tell us what type of advertising impels you to pass your money through the box office window. Send your statement in by December 12th, 1933, addressed to "Lights and Shadows on the Screen," 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

(perhaps even *Little Women* with its portrayal of another age may come under this classification.) *Scarlet Pageant* is to be the story of Catherine the Great of Russia, with Marlene Dietrich; *Queen Christina* of Sweden is to be played by Garbo; *Marie Antoinette* by Norma Shearer; *Tudor Wench* (the young Elizabeth) by Katherine Hepburn; *Napoleon* by Edward G. Robinson. * * Already we have seen the extraordinary *Henry VIII* in which Laughton carries the whole drama, a sumptuous picture that has the advantage of its English background, and follows with true Tudor arrogance and a bit of Tudor coarseness the life of that much-married king."

REVIEWS OF THE MONTH'S PICTURES For Family

CRADLE SONG (Paramount):

Dorothea Weick. The beautiful, historic play of the love of a nun for a baby who grows to womanhood in the shelter of the convent is produced with exquisite settings, fine delicacy and lovely contrast of moods and scenes.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal): Rod Laroque. Very wonderful photography of the North, with beauty unbelievable, coupled with a rather too melodramatic story.

GOLDEN HARVEST (Paramount): Richard Arlen. Homely, human dramatic and timely story of the wheat grower and the wheat pit, it has a certain sincerity which gives it real value.

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount): Impressive scenes of the fleet in San Pedro harbor add interest to a rather unimpressive story of "Captain Jericho," well played by Richard Arlen. There is nice romance, a darling baby and some fair comedy.

RED HEAD (French Production): Story of misunderstood boy, filmed with a remarkable atmosphere of truth and naturalism. French background

(Continued on page 891)



The Way to Love

Church Music

L. D. S. Church Music at the Nation's Capitol

By GEORGE D. PYPER

THE dedication of the beautiful Latter-day Saint Chapel in Washington, D. C., was an event of universal interest to Latter-day Saints, and some features of it of special interest to our choristers and organists. First, because next to the great Salt Lake Tabernacle organ there was installed in the Washington chapel the finest instrument in the Church. Second, because Elder Edward P. Kimball, senior organist of the Tabernacle, second assistant to Apostle Melvin J. Ballard in the Church Music Committee, and member of the Sunday School Music Committee, has been appointed to give recitals in the Nation's Capitol and conduct a bureau of information at the chapel, which now becomes Church headquarters of the Washington Branch, presided over by Elder E. B. Grossard, who is a member of the United States Tariff Commission.

The report of the dedicatory services has already been published in the daily press. In answer to a telegram asking Brother Kimball for a photograph and description of the organ, he furnished the following interesting items under date of November 7, 1933:

"Our dedication was a most auspicious occasion. The visit of the General Authorities gave an inspiration that will have far-reaching consequences.

"The building was equipped with a public address system so that many hundreds were able to hear the services in other parts of the building than the main floor.

"Margaret Tout Browning came down from New York at her own expense and sang at two of the services, and incidentally, she is in glorious voice. Her numbers raised the service to splendid level.

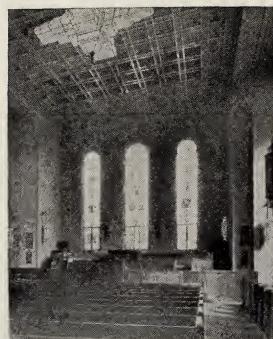
"I had a choir of 64. We have worked about one month or since the organ was completed and was very proud of their work, which received high praise from members and non-members. Of course, you understand this branch is most unusual in its talent. Most of these singers have had choir and glee club experience at home and are of a high degree of intelligence and training which makes my work simple and predicts well for the future music work."

"I began my daily organ recitals last Monday evening at 7 o'clock. This hour was deemed most propitious and the attendance is very gratifying notwithstanding the fact that the recitals



*Edward P. Kimball, organist, new
L. D. S. Washington Chapel*

have not been very well advertised. We shall begin Sunday School in the new building entirely in accord with the plan of the General Board.



A Chancel of Washington Chapel showing grill in ceiling where organ pipes are located.

"In the chapel interior view you can see the grill over the stand where the organ comes into the building. The organ is very effective and entirely adequate for our needs. It has all the variety of color needed in recital, and has lovely full solid church quality. It has been specially voiced for the building by Mr. Ferdinand Rassman of the Austin Company, and he has done a fine job. Herbert Brown, sales manager of the company, was present Sunday and Monday and is delighted with the instrument. In the photo you can tell the console by the music rack on top of it. I face the congregation and am consequently hidden from view. I direct the choir from the bench as I used to do in the theater and it works out very well. I do most of my directing in rehearsal. I am thrilled with the outlook, but it is going to be constant missionary work, and no vacation or pleasure trip.

"On the Saturday before the dedication Senator King arranged for President Grant's party to be presented to President Roosevelt. At 12:45 they were received in the round study of the President in the second floor of the White House and he was most genial and kind as usual, and promised to come up and visit the chapel. In the party were President and Sister Grant, President and Sister Ivins, President and Sister Clark, Brother Rudger Clawson, Brother and Sister Reed Smoot, Brother Stephen L. Richards, Governor Henry H. Blood, Mrs. Willard Marriott, E. B. Grossard and myself, and of course, Senator William H. King. It was quite thrilling to realize that at this pressing time the Chief Executive could and would take time to greet our party."

Sunday Night Broadcasts

THE Sunday night radio programs given by the Church over KSL, which were interrupted for the broadcasting of President Roosevelt's N. R. A. talks, will be resumed early in December. Dramatized versions of the incidents surrounding the writing of Latter-day Saint hymns will be presented. Three episodes are now ready, dealing with the following hymns: "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "O Say What is Truth," "O Ye Mountains High," and "Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds."



"The First Vision"
(Illuminated Stained Glass)

The Church Century



Service

Benevolence

Health

Science

Religion

Priesthood

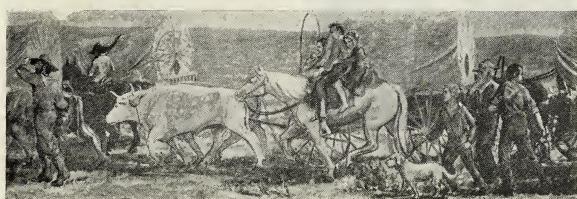
Knowledge

Eternal

BAS RELIEF BY AVARD FAIRBANKS



"At Winter Quarters"



"The Pioneer Train on the March"

The Display of the Church at Chicago which has attracted thousands was managed by D. Pyper, was chairman of the Exhibit Committee under Bishop Smith. He had as his assistants, for the Y. M. M. I. A. and Clarisse Beesley, for the Y. L. M. I. A.; May Anderson, George S. Romney, president of the Northern States Mission, who had the management.

The bas-reliefs shown here were by Avard Fairbanks, professor of art at the University of Oregon; and the murals were by J. B. Fairbank.

APPROXIMATELY seventy thousand people passing through the gates daily and giving the exhibits at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago a "once over!" Three to five thou-

sand of these in successive groups, crowding the 16x32 foot booth containing the artistic display of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Hall of Religions to hear the Mormon missionaries tell the story of the "The Restoration!" One hundred and ninety-five days of constant recital of the accomplishments of the Church during the last Century! Twenty-three hundred forty pulsating hours of human contacts! One hundred and forty thousand precious minutes of continuous revealment! Hundreds of thousands of tracts and pamphlets distributed to truth seekers!

This is the story of the Church display in Chicago as the brilliant lights, started by the torch of the great star Arcturus, went out on the 12th of November.

The success of the Church exhibit as an

of Progress Display



Progress

RD FAIRBANKS

de by a committee of which Bishop David A. Smith was general chairman. George members of the committee Marcia K. Howells, of the Relief Society; Oscar A. Kirk- derson, for the Primary. The conduct of the booth was under the direction of missionaries of his mission serve as guides and lecturers. The University of Michigan; the stained glass pictures were by J. Leo Fairbanks, sons of Salt Lake City, the father of the two other artists named here.

adventure in visual education is best expressed in the language of Elder David O. McKay, who recently visited the Fair:

"The miniature replica of the Salt Lake Tabernacle and Organ seemed to be the magnet that first attracted the crowds. It was an excellent example of the effectiveness of visual education. As heads peered around heads and over shoulders to look at that model, almost invariably someone in the group would begin to tell of his visit to the renowned edifice.

"With the attention of the observers thus centered the missionaries found willing listeners to the story of the Pioneers and to the explanation of principles and ideals of the Church as depicted in artistic paintings and bas-reliefs on the walls of the booth.

"The Elders in charge are to be commended

Home Lore

Music

Painting

Literature

Drama



"The Handcart Company"

for the gentlemanly and pleasing exhibition of the Doctrines of the Church. And great credit is also due those who conceived this Church Exhibit and the artists who carried it out so admirably and effectively."



"Entrance Into Salt Lake Valley"

Melchizedek Priesthood

Avoid Needless Speculations

By ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
A Member of the Council of the Twelve

(This letter was written to a member who asked questions which grew out of a Gospel Doctrine class discussion regarding the Holy Ghost. The question was: Is the Holy Ghost the Holy Spirit of God also, or is he God's Son, a brother of Jesus, the Savior. Elder Smith's reply is used by permission.)

At times in classes in the Priesthood quorums, Sunday Schools, Mutual Improvement Associations and other gatherings, the members engage in needless speculation. The Prophet Joseph Smith on one occasion gave the following instruction in relation to what the Elders of the Church should teach:

"Oh, ye elders of Israel, hearken to my voice; and when you are sent into the world to preach, tell those things you are sent to tell; preach and cry aloud, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent and believe the Gospel.' Declare the first principles, and let mysteries alone, lest ye be overthrown. Never meddle with the visions of beasts and subjects you do not understand." (*Documentary History of the Church*, Vol. 5:339.)

This advice is just as good for those who are in Priesthood classes discussing

the principles of the Gospel. There are many things the Lord has not revealed, and we should speculate upon or attempt to explain only what he has revealed in relation to these sacred things.

In regard to the Holy Ghost, we have been informed by revelation that he is a personage of Spirit and a member of the Godhead. (Doc. and Cov. 130:22-23.) He is the Comforter spoken of by our Savior who was to be sent to his disciples after he should be taken from them. His mission is to teach us in all truth; he partakes of the things of the Father and the Son and reveals them to those who serve the Lord in faithfulness. (See John, chapters 14, 15, 16.) It was through the teachings of the Comforter, or Holy Ghost, that the teachings of Jesus Christ were recalled by the Apostles (John 14:26). It is through the teachings of the Holy Spirit that prophecy comes. (2 Peter 1:210.)

The promise was made in the days of the primitive church of Jesus Christ that all who would repent, be baptized for the remission of sins and would be faithful, should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. That same promise has been made to all who will accept the Gospel in this dispensation, for the Lord says:

"And whoso having faith you shall confirm in my church, by the laying on of hands, and I will bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost upon them. (Doc. and Cov. 33:15.)

It is the duty of the Elders in the Church "to confirm those who are baptized into the Church, by the laying on of hands for the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, according to the scriptures." (Doc. and Cov. 20:41.)

The Holy Ghost is not a personage with a body of flesh and bones, and in this respect differs from the Father and the Son. The Holy Ghost is not a woman, as some have declared, therefore not the mother of Jesus Christ.

It is a waste of time to speculate in relation to his jurisdiction. We know what has been revealed and that the Holy Ghost, sometimes spoken of as the Holy Spirit, and Comforter, is the third member of the Godhead, and in perfect harmony with the Father and the Son reveals to man by the spirit of revelation and prophecy the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Our great duty is to so live that we may be led constantly by this Comforter in light and truth so that we may not be deceived by the many false spirits that are in the world.

Weekly Thoughts on Tithing

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

Week of December 3:

Tithing is an expression of Divinity through mortality to consummate divine purposes.

Week of December 10:

The paying of tithing is a fulfillment of one of the fundamental laws of God through which man becomes entitled to have his name written in the Book of the Law of God, a requisite to the eternal well-being of any individual. (See Sec. 85, Doc. and Cov.)

Week of December 17:

Experience reveals that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and, that, therefore, by paying tithing the individual makes an investment that pays large return dividends both in spiritual and temporal blessings.

Week of December 24:

Since life is rich and beautiful in proportion to the blessings and graces that the individual aspires to and receives, and, since these are reached and

realized in proportion to the degree that one cheerfully gives, the paying of tithing is an indispensable privilege.

Week of December 31:

In order to finally live the life of complete adjustment to the higher law of consecration, a law that is eventually to be fully obeyed and lived by all Saints, it is naturally imperative that an individual first learns to live the lesser law of tithing.

231st Quorum of Seventy, Grant Stake

At the special conference of the Seventies held Saturday afternoon, October 7th, at Barratt Hall, following the afternoon session of the General Conference of the Church. Special

musical numbers were rendered by the 231st Quorum of Seventy whose picture appears on p. 867. This Quorum was organized May 15, 1933, from members of the Jefferson Ward, of the

Grant Stake of Zion, by Pres. J. Golden Kimball. The members of the Council are: Fred Trost, Arand Lugg, Ernest Jorgensen, Hyrum Pohlman, John Brunner, Ariel Funk and James Graves.

Aaronic Priesthood Greetings

WE are happy to employ the opportunity afforded us by *The Improvement Era* to send the Season's Greetings to all of the ward bishoprics and branch presidencies, and to all of the Aaronic Priesthood throughout the Church.

We would recall to the bishoprics that you carry largely the responsibility for the temporal and spiritual progress of the Church members within your wards. You give freely of your time for their benefits. In considerable measure you bear the troubles of those in difficulty, and receive the confidences of those who need personal counsel. Your service brings its blessings to you.

You have the great privilege and op-

portunity of directing the training and activity of the young men who bear the Aaronic Priesthood. Upon that preparation and the spirit which you impart, and the insight you give them of that great calling, will depend largely their future faith and leadership throughout the Church. Likewise, the personal and enthusiastic attention given to all members of this Priesthood by your able associates in supervising this work will produce in the lives of these young men the determination to magnify their callings and gain the real spirit thereof. If they grasp the vision of this work they will become the future leaders throughout the Church.

We congratulate the great army of young men who have received this sacred calling. Your willingness to gain the training and perform the duties of the Priesthood bespeaks your future growth in power for good and the testimony of the truth.

In this Christmas season we desire for every one of you the spirit of joy, peace, progress, and service and the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit for your guidance.

SYLVESTER Q. CANNON,
DAVID A. SMITH,
JOHN WELLS,

Presiding Bishopric.

The Foundation of Our Faith

SUGGESTED MESSAGE FOR WARD TEACHERS

By C. FRANK STEELE

1. The first article of our faith opens with a basic declaration: "We believe in God the Eternal Father." This is the foundation of our faith, this acceptance of God as our Eternal Father in whose image and likeness we are made. This realization of His fatherhood brings Him close to us; He is near to guide and bless us provided we seek Him.

2. To know God is to love Him. But it is impossible for a sinful man to know Him; that sure knowledge comes through the witness of the Holy Ghost. A sinful nation moreover cannot receive the strength of His divine favor. Proverbs 14:34 truly says:

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

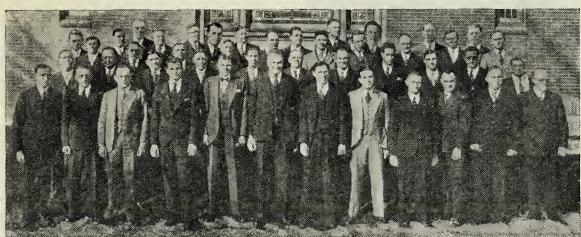
3. The Apostle Paul declares that Life Eternal is to know God and Jesus Christ His Son. One sure way of understanding God is in prayer. That was the channel used by the Prophet Joseph Smith. And Joseph found Him. We all pray, of course, that is, we say our prayers. But do we really pray, pray with faith—nothing wavering? And do we wait for God to answer? Too often we just half pray—we make our petitions to God and then, as Dr. Frank Buchman has put it, "we hang up the receiver!" We don't give God a chance to answer.

4. There is much confusion today

as to the nature and attributes of God. Many believe in a great, directing intelligence yet refuse to believe in a personal, living God such as is taught in the Scriptures and accepted by the Latter-day Saints. Yet, we ask, how can intelligence function except as it finds expression through an organized, living being? If we examine a cleverly contrived machine we see in it the intelligence and skill of the man who made it. But our search does not reveal the man. Yet not for one moment would we deny the existence of the maker of the watch. To do so would be absurd.

5. We observe the beauty of the universe around us, the pattern, the harmony, the grandeur of it all when "the sky openeth; the wind running wild; and laughter passeth o'er the earth." Surely here is intelligence that fills us with wonder and awe. The most skeptical must so admit. And if intelligence, then a personality, the divine source of that wisdom, power and majesty—God!

6. Here then is the foundation of our Faith—this acceptance of God and our surrender to Him. And that means complete surrender. Nothing short of that will do if we are to find that "more abundant life" in Him. We must "lose" ourselves in this supreme devotion. If we take this course the way through the present chaotic world will become clear. For God will be our guide.



231st Quorum of Seventy, Jefferson Ward

Assignments for Ordained Teachers

SOME misunderstanding appears to exist regarding assignments to be made to ordained Teachers. Statements are frequently made that Deacons and Priests have definite work to do but that Teachers appear to have been neglected in making assignments. A careful study of assignments made to Teachers, both by revelation as contained in the Doctrine and Covenants and by designation by the Presiding Bishopric, shows that exactly the same

number of assignments have been made to ordained Teachers as to Priests and Deacons.

In the quorum roll books provided for each quorum of Aaronic Priesthood the assignments for each grade of Priesthood have been listed in parallel columns. The assignments for Teachers are as follows:

Ward Teaching, Attend Sacrament Meeting, Prepare Sacrament Table, Speak in Sacrament Meeting, Pray in

Meeting, Scripture Reading—Sacrament Meeting, Assist at Cottage Meeting, Messenger for Bishop, Usher, Collect Ward Funds, Prepare Meeting House, etc., Care of Meeting House, Visit Quorum Members, Notify Members of Meetings, Cut Wood for Poor, Assist M. I. A. Recreation Leaders, Bring in New Members—not ordained, Bring in new resident of Ward, Bring in Candidate, Revive Inactive member, Work on Book of Remembrance.

Correlation Work to be Intensified

STAKE and ward Aaronic Priesthood correlation committees are urged to intensify their efforts among the inactive young men of the Church in view of conditions which make this action highly important. The need for more intensive work and regular monthly follow-up in every ward and stake was stressed at the Aaronic Priesthood convention held during the general conference in October.

The problems of cigarettes and tobacco, liquor, lowering moral standards, questionable magazine reading and attacks being made on orthodox

views of the Church were cited as causes for grave concern. Inactivity among some members of the Aaronic Priesthood has been traced directly to these sources. The Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan has been given to the Church as the means of contacting boys and young men and of holding them within the influence of the Church and the teachings of the gospel.

The changing conditions affecting liquor distribution have been cited by Church leaders as presenting a new challenge to those who are responsible for the welfare of young people of the Church.

The program outlined in the various organizations are intended to reach the interests of boys and young men but in many cases intensive missionary work is required to arouse those interests.

With the beginning of the new year it is urged that all stake and ward committees renew their efforts to contact all inactive members of the Aaronic Priesthood in the manner contemplated by the correlation plan. It is also requested that all wards make regular reports to stake committees and that the stakes in turn report regularly to the Presiding Bishopric.

Instructions Given for Adult Aaronic Class Organization

SPECIAL SUPERVISOR FOR WORK IS URGED IN EACH WARD

WITH the inauguration of adult Aaronic Priesthood classes throughout the Church some suggestions for the organization and operation of such classes have been made by the Presiding Bishopric.

This work, it is pointed out, like all other matters connected with the Aaronic Priesthood, is under the direct supervision of the ward bishopric. It should also be made a part of the work of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee, a special supervisor and an assistant being appointed for this group. These supervisors should become members of the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee as this work deals directly with those who hold that Priesthood.

The steps suggested are as follows:

1. Select and appoint a suitable man as supervisor. He should be a mature man of wide experience and broad sympathies and with an understanding of human nature. He should be thoroughly converted to the work he is about to undertake and should, if possible, be relieved of other responsibilities.

INSTRUCTOR IMPORTANT

2. Appoint an assistant supervisor who will become closely associated with the supervisor. The assistant may become the class instructor if one is selected who is peculiarly adapted to that work. Class instruction is one of the most important features of the work and requires a person of rare ability. He should combine the best qualities of a missionary, a teacher and a socializer. He should be a good

"mixer"—friendly, sympathetic and patient with others.

3. Make a list of all members of the ward over 20 years of age who hold the Aaronic Priesthood and those over 20, members of the Church, who hold no Priesthood. Secure as much information as possible regarding each member. This will be helpful in making contacts for the purpose of arousing

interest in the class when it is organized.

ORGANIZE CLASS EARLY

4. Have the supervisor and assistant visit a selected number of persons in an effort to secure a nucleus for the class. When five or six have expressed a willingness to attend, the first meeting should be announced and the class organized.

5. Having established the class the supervisors should set aside regular evenings for visits to other members who are inactive, continuing this work as long as any names remain on the inactive list. Those who are backward should be called for and accompanied to the class for a few meetings.

6. The time for the class meeting should be determined by the bishopric after ascertaining what hour will be most suitable to those who express a willingness to attend. This hour may or may not be the same as that set for Aaronic Priesthood quorums.

7. A course of study, based upon the first principles of the gospel, the history of the Church, ordinances in the Aaronic Priesthood or similar subjects should be carefully outlined before the first meeting. The lessons presented should be within the Church experience of those attending the classes. New members of the class should not be embarrassed by being urged to participate in the discussions (other than to ask questions) until they have had an opportunity to become fully acquainted and feel "at home."



*Adult Aaronic Priesthood Class
28th Ward, Salt Lake Stake*

8. As members express a willingness they should be encouraged to participate in the functions of the Aaronic Priesthood such as administering and passing the sacrament, ward teaching, ushering, etc.

BISHOP SHOULD VISIT

9. The bishopric should visit the class occasionally to encourage the

members and become better acquainted with them in order that they may be advanced in the Priesthood as rapidly as is desirable.

10. A careful record should be made of the attendance of each member. Should any be absent the reason should be ascertained without delay in order that they may be encouraged to con-

tinue in attendance. If illness is the cause, members of the class should visit the home and in every possible way a spirit of real brotherhood should be established. It is recommended that adult Aaronic Priesthood classes be organized in all wards where there are sufficient members to warrant such action.

Canadian Priesthood Shows Progress

RAYMOND FIRST WARD in Taylor Stake, Canada, sends a report of activity among the Deacons of that ward which is of unusual interest. The boys of the ward have adopted a uniform dress for use during the passing of the sacrament as shown in the illustration. Excellent results are reported from this action. A clipping from the local newspaper gives an account of some of the activity of this group. The newspaper report is as follows:

"JUNIOR PROGRAM AT SACRAMENT MEETING GREAT SUCCESS"

A splendid Junior program given at the Raymond First Ward, Sunday, August 13th, under direction of the deacons of that ward was a great success. President Barker Selman took charge and twelve speakers responded with spirit to their assigned part on the program. The Sunday School

choir aided with the music and in all, near seventy-five Juniors took part.

The opening prayer was by Reed Dawns.

Chairman Barker Selman then made a few remarks, giving the purpose of the meeting and announcing the text found in Doc. and Cov., Sec. 107, verses 99-100, on duty. This was then repeated in concert by the boys in white.

David Wood was the first speaker, his subject being "How Chas. W. Penrose did his work as a Deacon."

Francis Selman then gave a few outstanding characteristics of our President Heber J. Grant.

Something of the "Late President Chas. W. Nibley," by Winston Blackmore.

Miss Beth Selman rendered a vocal solo.

Ross Mendenhall spoke on "J. Reuben Clark as a Leader."

"Life of the late Dr. James E. Talmage," by his Nephew, James Ross.

"Why I want to be a Deacon," by Robert McMullan.

"On Duty," by Roland Weed.

"A Deacon's Duty," by Nyall Earl. "Well Done, Thou Servant," Winifred Litchfield.

Reading—"Keep Going," Miss Mildred Boyson.

"Monuments to Our Pioneers," Guy Alexander.

Willis Taylor (Deacon), who just returned from trip to Utah was called on for extemporaneous talk on his impressions of Utah. He gave a splendid account but said he could not understand the 18th Amendment.

Closing Prayer offered by Robert Wood.

Everyone was high in his praise for the boys who did so well, and presented such a very enjoyable and interesting program.

Union Stake Caravan to the Salt Lake Temple

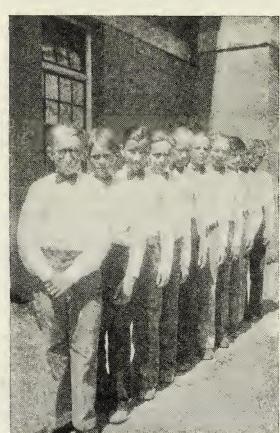
AN outstanding event in the history of Priesthood activities of Union Stake commenced Thursday, June 1st, when the advance car driven by David B. Stoddard of LaGrande 1st Ward started a caravan of Aaronic Priesthood boys on a journey to the Salt Lake Temple for baptismal work for the dead. A goal of forty boys was set for the caravan and when the final count was made at Salt Lake, fifty-eight of Union Stake's Aaronic Priesthood boys appeared at the Temple doors to do his part for the dead who had passed on without baptism.

The trip was made in several cars and aside from minor mishaps everyone reached Salt Lake in safety and eager for the thrills and sights of the chief city of the Saints. Only a few of the boys had visited the city before and the prospective thrills of big city life and entertainment filled them with eager anticipation to see it all. At the close of the visit every boy was loud in his praise for the wonderful features of the visit.

The splendid cooperation of Elder George Albert Smith, Oscar A. Kirkham, Joseph Kimball and others who assisted in the task of conducting the boys to the most enjoyable places where a boy can see and enjoy most, was fully appreciated. And we wish to extend our sincere appreciation to Scout Leader John Holmquist who

gave his time to personally lead our group through the sight-seeing tour of the city, ending with a plunge in the Deseret Gym pool.

All the six wards of our stake were



Boys holding Aaronic Priesthood

represented in the caravan. Union Ward led the representation with 14 boys; LaGrande 1st Ward, 12; Baker Ward, 12; LaGrande 2nd Ward, 9; Mt. Glen Ward, 7; and Imbler Ward, 4. Three sisters also took advantage of the opportunity to do baptism work in the temple, making a total of sixty-one who took part in temple baptisms. Each boy was baptized for an average of twenty names, making a total of more than twelve hundred.

The organization of the caravan was directed by the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee with Joseph W. Baxter, Jr., chairman, in charge, and very ably assisted by David B. Stoddard, Stake Scout Director, D. Leo Hibbert, member of Stake Committee, Lionel Lindsay of LaGrande 1st Ward Bishopric, Van Yates and Leonard Strong, Priests of LaGrande 2nd Ward, Rex Baxter of M. I. A. presidency of Union Ward, Ernest Richeson of Imbler Ward Bishopric, and George R. Lyman of the Union Stake High Council. Sister Ethel Cline of Union Ward, Ruth Yancey of Baker Ward and Clara Alice Feik of Mt. Glen contributed cars and drove them on the journey each carrying a full load of boys.

The Aaronic Priesthood caravan idea was the result of the Book of Remembrance requirement that every boy go to the temple and stand as proxy for his kindred dead.



MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Greetings

HOW happy the Latter-day Saints should be!

While the world is struggling through a period of tumult and perplexity we at least have peace and good will. In our hearts we know that our Heavenly Father will over rule all seeming ills for the good of those who serve him with all their hearts.

You, our faithful executives, who have been chosen to the important positions of guiding the youth of Israel, are among this number. Youth, innocent, joyous and fair is today confronting a world of problems. Problems for which they are not responsible. Neither are they to blame for the many fold temptations that beset their way and of which they are scarcely aware. Kind

unselfish hands must be outstretched to help them over the slippery hills.

We often hear the expression these days that "the old world is about to experience mighty changes," that it is even now fighting its way toward the golden age which has been sung about by prophets and sages since the world began. God hasten the day. For this stupendous task honest, stalwart, clear-headed youth is needed as well as generous broad-minded adults whose experience has taught them wisdom.

Fellow workers, our young people are precious in the sight of Heaven—Jewels to be gathered and garnered for the harvest of the Lord. Everyone that you influence for righteousness by your words and deeds will bring to you joys

untold in the mansions of your Father. Are you not grateful that such a privilege has come to you? We heartily congratulate you this happy Christmas time. We thank you for the splendid service you are rendering to the youth of Zion, and say to you lift up your heads and rejoice, the future is glorious with promise and His word never fails.

With good wishes for a happy Holiday and a prosperous New Year.

General Superintendency,

George Albert Smith,
Richard R. Lyman,
Melvin J. Ballard.

General Presidency,

Ruth May Fox,
Lucy Grant Cannon,
Clarissa A. Beesley.

How the M. I. A. is Sustaining The Bishopric

SINCE Heber J. Grant became President of the Church in 1918, he, with his counselors, has charged the M. I. A. with the responsibility of the Recreation program for the members of the Church of Mutual age. How startling this would have been twenty years ago! Would you say this was prophetic? Would you say it was visionary? Yet, this organization of our Church has assumed the responsibility of being the agent of the Bishopric in taking care of the leisure time and recreation programs of the ward.

Our Mutual is sustaining us 90%; we leave the other 10% for improvement. Last year our Mutual did far better than any previous year. It held appreciation classes in Drama, Dancing, Music, Public Speaking, and Retold Stories. It assembled most of the dances, dramas, and musicals and all of the public speaking and retold stories that were given in the ward. As future projects for Mutuals may I suggest the friendly contesting of artistically arranging the M. I. A. slogans and more

interest in the reading course books as a foundation for a library.

Chart No. I visually demonstrates to you the leisure time and recreation program as conducted by our M. I. A. Imagine the Bishopric endeavoring to conduct this program of appreciation classes, collecting the fund, managing the dances, directing the dramas, or coaching the basketball team and getting them to the place of playing. Heavy, heavy would hang on its poor head.

This other chart explains further how the Bishopric of our ward regards the sustaining power of our M. I. A. in this program. Our Bishopric would still keep the M. I. A. if class work

were taken out of it just to carry on this recreation program. We would be worried if we had to assume this great task ourselves. It gives us a little leisure time to have some recreation in helping to put over the Era drive or to help with some other activity. We are happy to have our M. I. A. carry out this program and to use its leisure in developing in others the art of living. They have been carrying out the industrial watchword of the United States, "We Do Our Part."

As a closing thought let me quote a paraphrased sentence, "The M. I. A. has been called to bat as 'pinch hitters' because parents have stopped making 'sacrifice hits,' but it doesn't look well for the home team to see father lounging lazily on the sidelines when he ought to be at the bat"—Given at the North and South Davis Stake M. I. A. Convention held September 10, 1933, at Bountiful, Utah, by John R. Walsh, member of Farmington Ward Bishopric. (See chart page 871.)

FOR the hundreds of expressions of kindness and good will received from friends and M. I. A. workers on my birthday, I wish to extend my sincere thanks and gratitude.

(Signed) Ruth May Fox

THE chart reproduced here was made on a full sheet of card board large enough for the audience to read it. It was used by the speaker in connection with his talk, the essentials of which appear here. The chart showing the shears was on another large piece of cardboard, and a third chart was used bearing these words: 20 Years Ago—Leisure Time—Recreation—No Central Head; Now—Leisure Time—M. I. A. Pulls Out the Slack.

Joint Program for January

1. Singing—"Let Us All Press On," or "While We Hail the Bright New Year."

2. Prayer—A Patriarch or High Priest.

3. Singing—"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

4. Short talk (8 minutes) on the slogan as a guide for 1934, by an M Man or a Gleaner Girl.

5. The Slogan, led by an M Man or Gleaner Girl, whichever did not give the talk.

6. Music (Instrumental or vocal)—"Through the Silent Night"—Ladies' Chorus. If a solo is used such songs as "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger," "My Faith in Thee," "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," would be appropriate.

7. Speech (20 minutes)—"Faith, the Eternal Bridge." See the article by Judge Nephi Jensen, this issue; see also "Restraints and Conventions, Why?" by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., in a recent issue.

Notes: Judge Jensen will stimulate the thinking of this speaker. The article in this issue by William George Jordan will also furnish ideas, for those who walk by faith must have the courage to face ingratitude. Think over this addition to the famous definition of faith—"Faith is the desire for the substance of the things hoped for and the belief or evidence that those things do exist and are available."

What are some of the things we hope for? Are they exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom; peace, both of mind and among nations, social justice, spirituality among men, economic equality, purity of mind and body? What are some of the evidences that they do exist? Are they to be found in God's word, both ancient and modern, in the experiences and words of Jesus, in the letters of Paul or the other apostles, in the words of Joseph Smith and his successors, in our own experiences among men?

8. Closing Music—either "The Heavens Resound" or "The Hallelujah Chorus," by the Mixed Chorus.

9. Benediction.

We suggest that the M. I. A. chorus be used as much as possible and that an effort be made to have a full attendance of the ward membership. This is the M. I. A.'s opportunity to start the year off enthusiastically.

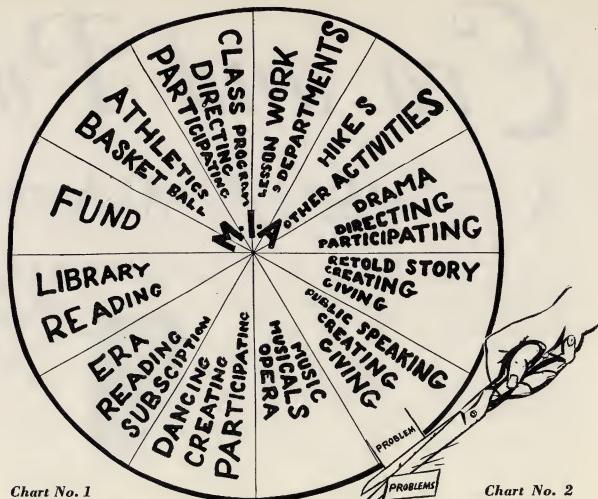


Chart No. 1

Chart No. 2

Adults

We Are Going To Have It, Of Course

AMERICANS are accused of taking their recreation sitting down."

"There must be a fight to keep from going stale."

We are calling attention to the Adult Ball to be held in January. This may be a Stake event or a ward dance. Whichever you may decide it shall be, see that it is an outstanding and friendly occasion. Have every person meet and know better than ever before every other person in attendance, and banish that atmosphere described as "stiff" or "unfriendly."

Unfortunately there is no rule by which this may be accomplished. It is an individual attitude; an outward expression of an inward love of neighbor for neighbor and friend for friend. However, the committee on arrangements can do something toward establishing a general happy state of mind.

Call upon every member of the group "to do his part" in getting everybody in the community there. See that the work of preparation is given to a great many people, that each may draw from the occasion his own measure of happiness.

Begin your dance program with "Socialibility Dance" described on page 85 of the Community Activity Manual.

Costumes and decorations, either or both, may be used to give a picturesque effect. For instance—a patriotic ball gives opportunity for bright surroundings and for simple and colorful costuming. Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia as directors, all others displaying

the "colors" in the form of a handkerchief, necktie, aprons, sashes, caps, or in any way that originality or good taste may suggest. Of course decorations and refreshments should carry out the patriotic idea.

See page 75, Community Activity Manual for "Aids in Creating Good Dance Atmosphere;" page 72, same Manual, for first five points under "Before the Party."

At the International Congress of Women held in Chicago in July of this year, one of the speakers who gave a breezy, happy message was Miss Ruth St. Denis, head of the Denishawn School of Dancing. Her hair was silver; she announced her age as fifty-three. But the sparkle in her eyes, her lovely complexion and the grace and girlishness of her body indicated that she is one of those who will always be in the realm of youth.

She spoke of dancing as an art to be loved and wooed. It is one of the earliest of the urges to manifest itself, and the sense of rhythm expressed in childhood can be made an accomplishment of mature age.

She said in effect: Why do you ever cease to dance? You would not lay aside beautiful habits of speech acquired through the first decades of your life and take up slovenly vocal practices—Then why lay aside the power to respond to the sense of rhythm within us?

And this lovely thought: The body like the clothing we wear, is the garb of the spirit. It is not the toes, the limbs, the physical body which dance so much as the spirit within.

Era and Publicity

AN unusually effective campaign for *The Improvement Era* was developed by the boards of Fremont Stake in Idaho. The entire stake board participated in the plan which couples M. I. A. Activities with *The Improvement Era* drive. The plan in brief is this:

A series of four events was planned in the form of a Lyceum course to be conducted during the winter season. These features were representative of M. I. A. activities and were to be presented at Ricks College in Rexburg as the center of the stake. Tickets for the Lyceum event are 50 cents each, but all who subscribe for *The Improvement Era*, paying the \$2, are given a ticket for each of the four events of the Lyceum Course.

The plan also worked in the reverse—all who purchased four tickets for the Lyceum Course were given *The Improvement Era* free of charge. The plan has been effective to a marked degree. Rexburg First Ward, using this plan, was one of the first wards over the top. The subscriptions were far beyond the quota, and the directors are still working. Other wards in the stake were enthusiastic and making excellent progress at the time this issue of the *Era* went to press.

The Lyceum Course is financed by assessment of ten cents for each subscription in the quota of each ward. To illustrate: Rexburg First Ward had a quota of 51 subscriptions. They were asked to pledge themselves to pay ten cents for each of these subscriptions whether they reached the quota or not, as it was necessary to guarantee the success of the Lyceum Course in advance. This assessment was \$5.10,

HOLLY PRES

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M.I.A. STAKE NEWS

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WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1933

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NOVEMBER 19, 1933

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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JANUARY 14, 1934

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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FEBRUARY 11, 1934

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FEBRUARY 18, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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FEBRUARY 25, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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MARCH 11, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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MARCH 18, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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APRIL 14, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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APRIL 21, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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APRIL 28, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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MAY 19, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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MAY 26, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY MAY 26, 1934

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JUNE 2, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY JUNE 2, 1934

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ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

JUNE 9, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

REC

WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY JUNE 9, 1934

VOL. 1, NO. 34

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JUNE 16, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

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WEEKLY NEWS SATURDAY AUGUST 11, 1934

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ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 18, 1934

Two Eagle Awards Will Be Made At Court of Honor

REC</p



Cynthia Flake M. D. Bushman
Snowflake Stake, Snowflake Stake,
Arizona Arizona

Here's a Record—Applaud
Snowflake

OUR *Era* campaign was a real success. We were determined that every ward should have their quotas mailed within 48 hours and all had them in 36 hours.

Stake M. I. A. President Chas. H. Turley and I went to Showlow Ward to help them. Their quota was 27 subscriptions. We got 9 in cash and 18 were paid with apples, cabbage, carrots, beans and oats. That took 7 hours and oh! the joy it gave us.

Claysprings got their quota of 13 subscriptions in 4 hours. All produce.

Holbrook's director Burton Richards commenced at 6:30 a. m., October 15th and had their quota with 9 more in 30 minutes.

Jospeh City started at 7:00 a. m., October 15th, with about 10 workers and were over in 45 minutes—27 subscriptions.

Heber got their quota of 6 and some more in a very short time.

All the other wards were as prompt as their numbers and circumstances permitted. Very notable work was done by Sister Cynthia Flake, Stake Y. L. M. I. A. *Era* director in Snowflake and Taylor wards.

It was a glorious success. Last year our stake was first in the Church to have its quota. This year we hope we are first to have every ward over the top.

The Stake Presidency and high council were back of us, also the Bishops. May I say we are all amply rewarded knowing the good we are sure will follow this effort.

May the Lord bless the cause of *The Improvement Era*.

Yours sincerely,
Martin D. Bushman,
Stake Era Director.

THREE teams of *Era* directors are deserving of special recognition for their work in connection with the campaign which is now under way. All directors, however, are also to be praised for the fine manner in which they are attacking their problem this year, even though some of them are reporting difficulties.

Snowflake Stake, Arizona, Curlew

Stake, Utah-Idaho, and Union Stake, Oregon, are now over the top and their campaign managers pictured here are to be given a hand by everybody.

The report of Snowflake's achievement is given in detail on this page. Curlew did almost as fine a piece of work and almost as quickly and is leading in percentage of subscriptions obtained. Union Stake, Oregon, lost no time in sending in a full quota.

The Curlew executives decided to take up the campaign themselves and fully organized before the week got



Chas. W. Rugsdale Annie Black
La Grande, Ore., La Grande, Ore.,
Union Stake Union Stake

under way. On account of the unstinting work of stake and ward officers who assisted, the campaign had reached practically the one hundred per cent mark on the opening day of *Era Week*, October 15. Within a few days every ward was over the top and some of the wards had up around the 200 per cent mark. The Union Stake was almost equally effective.

At present the race in percentage by the three stakes over the top on November 10 is intensely interesting. Curlew now leads, but Snowflake Stake is eager to push into the lead and may be able to do so. Some of the other stakes mentioned among the twenty are close upon the heels of the three leading stakes.

Snowflake has another distinction, that of leading in numbers of subscriptions. Although Snowflake is not one of the largest stakes or one of the richest, the quality of the work of the directors and workers has been such that leadership is accorded here at this date. St. Joseph Stake, another middle-sized stake, is pressing Snowflake at present.

Some of the largest stakes in the Church such as Liberty, Fremont, Ensign, Salt Lake and others, are taking up the challenge and may be able to change the rating by December 10.

Since these two races continue until April 15, there will be a great deal of interest aroused before they are concluded.

Watch next month's report.

Holbrook After 200 Percent

October 15, 1933.

The Improvement Era

Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen:

ENCLOSED find subscription receipts for sixteen (16) one year subscriptions to *The Improvement Era*, together with check to cover same.

This covers the work of the first day only of our drive and we find that four have already sent in their money for the *Era* so this brings the number of subscriptions to date—20 for Holbrook Ward and our quota is 12. You will hear from us again in a few days.

Sincerely yours,
Burton W. Richards.



Lowell Cutler Anna Eliason
Curlew Stake, Curlew Stake,
Utah-Idaho Utah-Idaho

Seniors

WE again stress the Senior Department organization.

1. Two discussion leaders—a man and a woman (a) to share responsibility and supplement each other in maintaining a fine open minded discussion group; to locate and suggest material in magazines, books, newspapers for the help of members in their preparation for and participation in class discussion; to urge upon members a constant look-out for and clipping and filing of material from current magazines or papers; to assign topics far enough ahead to make it possible to find such material.

(b) Stress Latter-day Saint teachings on economic subjects. No theological discussion, but practical ideas as taught by the Church. Not hearsay but actual quotations from the teachings of Church leaders on these problems. A fine contribution to make to the promotion of faith in and appreciation of practical application of the Gospel to our every day lives.

(c) No craftsman can do his finest work without the tools of his craft. Your chief tool is the Senior Manual. It must be in the hands of every Senior leader and for the greatest success of the department should be in possession of every class member—at least be accessible to each member. Discussion leaders should formulate some plan by which this may be accomplished. Also see if people in the ward who have current magazines will permit the members to use them if someone will be responsible for their prompt return.

(d) Appoint a membership committee of as many interested, active, men and women as necessary to visit every person in the ward of Senior age, whether members of the Church or not, and invite them to join. This committee should be active throughout the whole season following up until all Seniors are enjoying the fine educational and social advantages of the Department. This is a full sized job, discussion leaders, and worthy of the best that is in you!

2. It is assumed that the department at the beginning of the season appointed two or more class activity leaders—men and women who were particularly fitted for this work, chosen from the class. Their obligation was to become thoroughly familiar with the recreation or activity program outlined by the General Committee for the first Tuesday evening of each month. On this night these class activity leaders have full charge for the entire evening (7:45 to 9:15). Early in the season the entire class program, including additional or outside recreational events which the class desired, should have

been arranged so as to fit local conditions and also to give committees plenty of time to prepare. Each event should be of outstanding quality—as fine as it can be made. Committees should always consult the discussion leaders as well as members of the class.

On the second, third and fourth Tuesday evenings it is hoped the department is taking up one of the Appreciation courses under the supervision of the Community Activity Committee. The class committee cooperates with the Community Activity leader so that this period may be most profitable. Each Senior group should have a free choice as to the Appreciation course selected. Where a class chooses any subjects other than those outlined in the Community Activity Manual, a leader should be appointed and this leader works in harmony with the Community Activity Committee. A subject thus chosen should cover at least ten evenings. If any groups have chosen other subjects than those recommended in the Manual we shall be glad to hear reports as to their success.

The Manual period is from 7:45 to 8:30. The period for Appreciation courses is from 8:30 to 9:15. Each period should have its full time.

Your tools are the Program in the Senior Manual and the Community Activity Manual and the desire of the class, if they desire some fine thing that appeals particularly to them. Remember, four ward and four stake Senior events.

Send in accounts of Buffet Suppers, Open Forums, debates—any and all,

outstanding social events as they come. We wish very much to publish them on our Senior Department page in the *Era*.

Before the year is out we hope every member will have chosen at least one hobby upon which he can mount and ride gaily away from the stress and strain of daily life. Read "Need of a Hobby" in the Manual and Hobbies, an editorial in the August *Era*. Stake Recreation leaders choose a Senior stake project; it might be a very fine Senior stake drama, dance, opera, flower show, what you wish. Ward leaders, choose your project—a ward affair or activity that will benefit the whole ward. In Pocatello Stake last year all Seniors of the stake met together once a month in a dance.

Stake Senior leaders should make the most of their departments in Union meeting. Give timely suggestions and help on manual and activity programs. Give necessary instructions, clearly and briefly. You are to supervise, not preach. Union meeting is a business meeting where problems vital to the department are discussed. Leaders should have a definite outline of work to present. Local leaders should find in Union meeting their keenest contact with their work. Here they report their successes and present their problems. Union meeting should take care of all unsolved problems of the previous month. Leaders should come prepared to state them clearly and tersely so that as many people as possible may participate in the discussion.

A Merry Christmas to all Seniors!

What is your Christmas Program? We'd like to tell the world; so tell us what you did.

Spanish Fork, Utah,
Oct. 16, 1933.

Editor Era,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE inclosed invitation given by the Second Ward M. I. A., this city, came to my hand and I thought proper to send it to your office and perhaps you may make some use of it in the *Era*.

I am not a member of the Second Ward but have permission of Mrs. Eva Lewis, who is secretary of the invitation committee, to forward it to you.

I am teacher of the Adult class in the Fifth Ward and therefore read the *Era* and wish to compliment yourself and others on the excellency of the *Era*.

Expressing good wishes and kind personal regards,

Sincerely Yours,

D. T. Lewis.

M. I. A.

*WITH heart and with hand
Come, now, join our band!
We're marching, yes marching
In battle array.
We see the foe tremble,
As we now assemble
Our weapon, our banner;
The dear M. I. A.*

*The evening: next Tuesday.
The Place: Legion hall.
We'll meet you and greet you;
Old, young, one and all.
With program and dancing
And games we shall play
At this, the first social
Of dear M. I. A.*

September 12th Refreshments!
7:30 p. m. No admission fee.
Mrs. Eva Lewis, Secretary, Invitation Committee

M Men

To All M Men and
M Men Workers

GREETINGS:

We are entering into activities in the second year of our self governing organization. Plans have been discussed since our June Convention to unify our M Men groups and make them comply more closely with the ideals set out in our constitution. Following are some suggestions and aids to be followed during this year:

1. To carry out our program we will welcome letters of suggestion from all M Men, supervisors and class leaders.

2. M Men Stake Supervisors should see that the names and addresses of all stake and ward officers are sent in to the office at 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. To do this it will be necessary to keep all offices in our organization filled as set out in the constitution printed in the supplement to the lessons for this year. This information will help us contact you with each new decision of the Executive Council in the form of a bulletin.

3. Read the M Men News in the Saturday Night Supplement of the *Deseret News*, and also this page, each month, in *The Improvement Era*.

4. See that your ward and stake have an official Roll Book. Keep all records of activities up to date and follow the instructions in the roll book carefully. *All activities in which an M Man has participated since June First (nineteen thirty-two) can be recopied into the new official Roll Book by your secretary.* Then start a campaign for new and increased membership. Start plans at once to make every class member an M Man and each M Man a Master M Man.

5. The new gold M Man Pins are ready. The price will be \$1.00. Send your orders to the M Men Office at 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Read your supplements carefully to see if you are entitled to a pin.

6. Keep closely in touch with the group of men elected as your officers in the ward and stake. See that they in turn keep in close contact with the central executive committee in Salt Lake City.

Sincerely,

JAY PARKINSON,
President M Men Organiza-
tion, of the Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Sophistication

By Velma West Sykes

IT is a strange paradox that innocence is the thing most admired by others in you young people, but sophistication

is what nearly all of you most ardently desire. In fact, it is pathetic, even when also amusing, to see the absurd attempts some of you make to seem "men and women of the world." It is your very innocence of what all this implies that makes you so anxious for the effect, of course.

The word "sophistication" is derived from the ancient Greek teachers called Sophists, who preceded Plato and Aristotle. Socrates and his school of disciples despised the Sophists and their philosophy, because they were in the habit of "making the worst appear the better." The sophisticates of today have changed little in that respect. They still teach false truths and it is regrettable that they find so many followers, particularly among the young.

No one today desires to keep young people in ignorance of the realities of life, but knowledge of anything is a dangerous weapon without the handle of correct interpretation. Applied knowledge gives that poise to young people and old which is always admired by others.

If young people could be made to see that nothing is so "green" as the eager rushing of self-styled sophisticates into unfortunate situations, they would not be so gullible. Real men and women of the world are those who show an intelligent understanding of the customs of the world. They know all about vice from the observer's viewpoint, but are too smart to walk into any of its traps themselves.

There is a type of sophistication in the present use of the word that is far ahead of that it originally had. This is the type that would consider "falling for" any of the old well-known forms of temptation as too humiliating for words. It would imply an utter lack of worldly knowledge—something few of us like to admit.

So if you feel you must be "sophisticated"—be the high-hat kind. The "high-hat sophisticate" scorns the common and the vulgar. And he considers anyone who allows himself to be "led astray" as simply "too dumb."

Sammy Discusses Depression

By Ida Powell Brown

I'VE heard that speech of Roosevelt's
On better times to come.
I've tried to read the papers
But the big words stamp me, some.
I've listened to my grandpa talk
Of days what used to be,
And though I'm young, folks, here's
the way
Depression looks to me.

I figger if them city kids
Could come out on our farm

To milk the cows at daylight
'Fore the sun gits plenty warm,
And hear the birds a chirpin'
In our early harvest tree,
They'd think these times was jest about
As good as they could be.

Course, on my Sunday shoes, the soles
Is gittin' purty thin.
I go barefooted all the week
'Till winter time sets in.
But listen, grandpop crossed the plains
With no shoes on, an' say,
He tied old rags around his feet,
And he's alive today.

The back of pop's best pants right now
Is shiny as kin be,
Ma's black silk sure looks bare in spots,
She's shamed fer folks to see.
But when we drive our model T
To Sunday School, why say,
They sing as loud and speak as long
As when they ain't that way.

How kin pop talk depression, when
He's eatin' eggs and ham,
And spreadin' bread a good inch thick
With mom's strawberry jam?
I tell you now us farmers should
Stop talkin' sick a lot
And spend more time a givin' thanks
To Him fer what we've got.

Science

Submitted by Hon. Harden Bennion

From an Article Written by Albert Edward Wiggin after a long talk with Dr. Pupin, born in Serbia but who completed his education in America and has been one of our leading scientists and president of several great scientific organizations

SCIENCE is making us better Christians.

"Science teaches us that the Universe is guided by an intelligent Divinity.

"Science is teaching men how to cooperate intelligently with God; it is teaching men what His laws are and how to obey them.

"Science is proving that the human soul is the greatest thing in the Universe, the supreme purpose of the Creator.

"Science is leading us closer and closer to God.

"Science has made us better homes and is teaching us how to make a better democracy and a better social life; it is thus preparing us for the greatest spiritual, artistic and intellectual life that men have ever known.

"Science does not contradict belief in the immortality of the human soul. Science is revealing God in greater and greater glory, and teaches us that in time we may possibly even see Him face to face."

M Men-Gleaners

THE joint discussion for the week in January is "Aids in the Development of Personality." This lesson may be made one of the broadest and most stimulating of the entire course. M Men and Gleaner leaders should take inventory of the various aids that enrich personality and make assignments to the various members of the group.

For a moment let us pause and see what some of the most important aids are. First, the forming of good habits. It is so simple to form habits and so very difficult to break them that we should spend our time and energy in forming the right habits of living which include habits of eating, sleeping, recreation and study. To our Gleaners and M Men is given the challenge of knowing the recipe of right living. The time is past when young men and women can say, "I did not know." "I have never been told." On every side, from all sources, information is given for proper living. It is theirs for the asking or seeking. Habits are formed in knowledge, not in ignorance. Great is the responsibility resting upon every young man and woman in the forming of his or her habits.

Another aid in the development of personality is the power of thought. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Thoughts soon crystallize into habits. We should look to our thoughts lest they dominate us. One girl goes through life resenting everything. In her thoughts she criticizes, resents and combats, then wonders why her personality repels rather than lures.

When thoughts begin to get on the wrong path, when they begin to go negative on us, when we begin to think of imaginary wrongs done us, when our thoughts dwell on shady subjects, it is then time to pull in the lines and take a new direction or most assuredly our personality will suffer tremendously. Personality comes from within and is an expression of the thing that we truly are. Perseverance plays an important part in the building of personality. Because without it we cannot establish habits and "Man is a bundle of habits." It is so easy to make resolutions but what a difficult matter to persevere in the realization of them. Think of some of the men and women whom you admire most. Have they not reached the goal of their success by steady perseverance? One much beloved man in a certain community persevered in the business of being of service, not only to his fellow men but to his Church, his community, and his country. His personality was irresistible. He had persevered in building into his personality positive traits such as cheerfulness, the gaining of knowl-

edge, tactfulness, courage and unselfishness.

There is perhaps no greater asset than the ability to assume responsibility. For in the development of this trait many lessons must be learned which of themselves aid in the building of a positive personality. He who has learned to assume responsibility knows first and last that "Some people grow with responsibility and others just swell" and with this in mind he makes the most of his opportunities without being carried away by them. The importance of making our lives such that they will be developed as we grow in years is the responsibility of life. Only by overcoming bad habits, by establishing good ones and by perseverance can we reach the goal of our creation.

To M Men and Gleaner leaders we urge that M Men and Gleaner meetings be conducted in the form of discussions giving as many as possible the opportunity to express views and opinions on this important subject of "aids in personality."

Good Habits as an Aid to Personality

GOOD Habits as an Aid to Personality is the subject of the five minute talk to be delivered by an M

Try For a Cash Prize By Scoring the Following Chart:

FOUNDATIONS FOR HAPPINESS

(In Marriage)
State if Married

1. *Cheerfulness*
2. *Education and Refinement*
3. *Good Stock*
4. *Women score A, Men score B.*
- a. *Man should be home lover and able provider*
- b. *A woman trained to be a good mother and home manager*
5. *Good Home Training*
6. *Honesty*
7. *Unselfishness*
8. *Religion*
9. *Health*
10. *Sexual Morality*

Total of scores should equal 100%
(See October Era, p. 730)
Hurry, for time is up Dec. 15.

Man in the January M Men-Gleaner joint meeting.

Habit is a course of action one constantly follows because of a desire so to do, or, because of constant repetition, the act is unconsciously done. One's life, therefore, is largely made up of habits formed, and, if personality is the sum total of our social behavior, then the importance of developing good habits in one's life becomes a matter of great moment.

An engaging personality is one possessing a combination of pleasing qualities built upon a foundation of sincerity. One who trains himself to do each day, as opportunity is presented, little acts of kindness and gracious courtesies, soon finds himself unconsciously following this course of action by force of habit. The gifts, as we call them, of being happy at all times, of being agreeable under unpleasant circumstances, of taking defeat gracefully, of making the best out of the commonplace, of looking for the better qualities in others rather than the worst;—these, though they may appear of meager consequences at first, can rapidly develop into habits that will constitute a dominating factor in one's personality.

There is an old proverb which reads as follows: "Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables." It is the combination of habits one forms that makes or unmakes personality, and it is the little things one does that point the course he will follow in life. Berton Braley has expressed this thought in these words:

Life is made up of little things, of trifles through and through,
And big events in any life are generally few;
It's little things that spoil success, and
little things that make it,
It's little things that fashion joy, and
little things that break it;
The little kiss forgotten and the little word unspoken,
The little deed neglected and the little promise broken,
The little thoughtless carelessness of daily circumstance.
These are the things that bright delight
and shatter fair romance!

There is no more valuable asset in life than a pleasing personality. It is the greatest insurance for a successful and happy life; it is the chief means through which one radiates happiness to others. Abraham Lincoln once wrote, "Die when I may—I want it said of me, by those who know me best, that I always made it a habit to pluck a thistle and plant a flower where I thought a flower would grow." Thomas Dreier has very aptly said, "To be popular at home is a great achievement. The man who is loved by the house cat, by the dog, by the neighbor's children, and by his own wife, is a great man, even if he never had his name in 'Who's Who'."

Gleaner Girls

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT has very kindly joined the 1,400 Gleaner Girls of the Church in recording tributes to some of the people who have been an inspiration to him.

May every Gleaner leader and girl follow his example.

My Mother—Rachel Ivins Grant

MY father, Jedediah M. Grant, died when I was nine days old and my mother, took the place of both father and mother to me.

I remember my mother as one of the kindest, most considerate women that I have ever known. I cannot recall ever seeing her angry. If she could not speak well of a person she kept silent.

Serenity is one of the finest qualities that any mother can have.

When my mother passed away, Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, one of the leading business men of America, who in the days of my childhood boarded at mother's home, wrote me: "If the God of nature ever stamped nobility and serenity on any human face he did upon the face of dear Aunt Rachel."

As I look back to my childhood, I realize the sacrifices my mother made for me in the days of our poverty. Many nights we went early to bed to save coal oil and fuel. But despite hardships she never complained and made our home a very happy place.

Mother taught me all the cardinal virtues. She instilled into me as a child a love of the truth.

She talked to me in absolute confidence about things that many would feel the father alone should talk to a son about. There was no mock modesty about her. She warned me against immorality and was just as frank in talking to me as though she had been my father. She gave me her absolute confidence and talked to me when I was a child about things most mothers would wait to tell until their sons had reached maturity.

Mother taught me that my father was a very noble man, and she hoped that I might grow up to be like him. She was ambitious for me to make a success in life. She undoubtedly desired more than anything else, that I should follow in the footsteps of my father, and be a leader in the Church. One reason for this was that when I was a child, and was with her in a Relief Society meeting, Eliza R. Snow spoke in tongues and told me that I would live to be a big man in the Church and Heber C. Kimball one day picked me up and put me on a table and prophesied that I would become a greater man in the Church than my

father had been. She had this vision in her mind of what I might become and often told me to behave myself and I would some day become an apostle although she never told me of these promises until I had become an apostle.

She was devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Her brothers in New Jersey offered to settle an annuity upon her for life if she would give up Mormonism and return to New Jersey. They told her if she came in five, ten or twenty years, she would find the latch string out but they never wanted to see her again unless she would renounce her faith. This of course, she refused to do.

Her love of the Gospel and the consistent life she lived did more in converting me to the principles of the gospel than anything else. I often think that when I meet her again, I will be glad to acknowledge to her that whatever success I have met with in life was due to her teachings and example.

My Teacher—Hamilton G. Park

THERE is a debt of gratitude that will never be forgotten to my teacher in the Book of Mormon Class, Hamilton G. Park, afterward the patriarch of the Ensign Stake of Zion, a man of faith, of integrity, of devotion, a missionary who had filled two missions to Scotland, a man who was always telling incidents from his own life that were inspiring and faith promoting; they made an everlasting impression upon my heart and soul."

My Ideal—President Joseph F. Smith

I ADMIRED President Smith most for his integrity and for his fearless defense of the truth.

His outstanding characteristics were honesty of purpose, devotion to the work of God, and love for his family. A more devoted husband and father I have never known. He was absolutely just.

From the time I was first acquainted with him in business, from before I was twenty-one years of age, when he was one of the directors in the bank where I worked, until his death, in no meeting that I can remember did he take anything but the side of right of the question. I constantly admired the man. He was absolutely fair in all dealing and had a wonderful capacity to inspire people to do their duty. He was unselfish in laboring himself, he worked early and late, and his very example was an inspiration to follow.

He was a student to the day of his

death. He was always improving himself. In his young manhood he was so forceful that some people said it would be a sad day for the Church if he ever became President. When he did become the President he was one of the most long-suffering and charitable men I ever knew.

At his graveside I read a poem which expresses the way I felt about Joseph F. Smith. The concluding stanza is as follows:

A REAL MAN

Men are of two kinds, and he
Was of the kind I'd like to be.
No door at which he ever knocked
Against his manly form was locked.
If ever man on earth was free
And independent, it was he.
No broken pledge lost him respect,
He met all men with head erect,
And when he passed I think there went
A soul to yonder firmament
So white, so splendid and so fine
It came almost to God's design.

—E. A. Guest.



Treasures of Truth and My Story

MANY queries have been received asking how to proceed when Junior Girls who have compiled their "My Story" books become Gleaners. The two committees have considered the matter and are happy to make the following announcement:

The two books—"My Story" and "Treasures of Truth"—were made the same size so that Juniors might incorporate their "My Story" sheets into their "Treasures of Truth." All of the material compiled in the Junior groups fits perfectly into the required outline of the Gleaners.

If girls prefer two volumes they may start a new book in the Gleaner years, keeping the Junior book intact; or if they desire still to keep the title "My Story," they may add the material which they write as Gleaners to their original books.

We Shall Meet Again

By H. Graehl

WHERE life's river meets life's ocean
At the ending of the plain,
There the boasts of all creation
Shall be gathered home again.

Junior Girls

Honesty and Sincerity

Suggestions for Lessons—December

THE world has become aghast of recent years by the number of cases in which trusted men, put in positions of responsibility, have proved themselves incapable of strict honesty, and have used dishonestly the money others have put into their care. What steps must have led up to the great exhibitions of dishonesty? Do men become dishonest over night? What might Junior girls do every day to strengthen their powers of withstand-ing the temptation to be dishonest?

Read the article, "The Power of Truth" in this *Era*. Is not the question "Does your honor mean only a nickel to you?" challenging? Is any amount of money worth the unrest and discomfort which dishonest acquisition of it would cause?

Lincoln, a great man, was great in many ways, one of the chief ones being his honest way. While tending store one day, he sold to a woman goods to the amount of two dollars, six cents. He discovered later that a mistake had been made and that the store owed the customer six cents. After closing the store at night he walked several miles in the darkness to return the amount.

When such a man came up for public office, what attitude would the woman take toward him, regardless of his political party?

On another occasion, the office of Postmaster of New Salem, which Lincoln had filled, was discontinued, but no financial accounting was called for at the time. Several years later an agent called upon Lincoln in his law office for a settlement of seventeen dollars—the balance due on the New Salem affair. Lincoln took from a trunk a linen rag in which was wrapped the exact amount named. It had been there untouched through his years of great hardship and self-denial. "I never use any money but my own," was Lincoln's simple explanation. It was an explanation not only of the New Salem account, but of the foundation of trust in his own character.

Old adages sometimes tell much in few words. Discuss the following:

Clean hands are better than full ones in the sight of God.

Honesty fears neither the light nor the dark.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not honest.

With all thy keeping, keep thy word.

On Sincerity, the following is quoted from the Gleaner Manual: "Sincerity, or inner truth, will atone for many exterior shortcomings."

"No man has sufficient energy to maintain forever the pretense of genuineness. Even though he may sit at

the height of his deception, his deceit will find him out. Sincerity, no matter how violently assailed, will eventually impossibly establish itself forever, while hypocrisy—no matter how well fortified—will crumble, disclosing forever the truth it attempted to hide."

Junior Project "My Story—Lest I Forget"

ARE the Junior Girls of your ward working on the books which will be given to them one of their dearest possessions? To gather through the years a written record of one's own experiences and those of loved ones is to store up treasures of inestimable worth, and to lay the foundation of many happy future hours. One woman is starting books for her babies and keeping them until the day the girls are old enough to take them and go on for themselves, so vital does she consider records of their years.

The following suggestions on the Project "My Story" were given by Norma M. Patrick at the June Conference to Junior leaders:

Invite the mothers the night Project is introduced so they will get the spirit of it and help the girls gather information and urge them to complete the book.

It's value to the girl:

Gives a chance for self expression in written material.

Covers and division sheets furnish opportunity for art expression.

Working on the following chapters character building:

"My privileges under the Covenant."

"Baptism for the dead."

"Plains to Cross."

Starts interest in record making.

Teachers make books to stimulate interest.

A display of books at some time develops ward and stake loyalty.

A contest based on the following points may help interest.

Number of books made in proportion to girls enrolled.

Amount of written material.

Attractiveness of books (cover and division sheets).

To keep up interest more than one night a month needs to be spent on it. Should meet at least twice a month—at a home or some place where they have facilities to work.

Definite assignment, "This must be done by next Tuesday."

The teacher must have real heart interest in it. Realizing what it will mean to the girls later in life as well as now, go into it with vim.

One stake, offering a prize for the best "My Story" book, discovered that very few girls care to compete for one

prize. The next year they offered a certificate of recognition for every girl who had her book started, and hundreds of girls qualified and were awarded certificates. This is a project in which every girl who participated is a winner!

My Story and Treasures of Truth

MANY queries have been received asking how to proceed when Junior girls who have compiled their "My Story" books become Gleaners. The two committees have considered the matter and are happy to make the following announcement:

The two books were made the same size so that Juniors might incorporate their "My Story" sheets into their "Treasures of Truth." All of the material compiled in the Junior groups fits perfectly into the required outlines of the Gleaners.

If girls prefer two volumes, they may start a new book, keeping their Junior one intact; or if they desire to still keep the title "My Story" they may add the material which they write as Gleaners to their original books.

To the St. Charles M. I. A.

By Lillian Bunderson

*A Junior Girl of the St. Charles Ward,
Bear Lake Stake*

WE have a good organization
Which should encourage us all
To pay for our registration
In Mutual this fall.

There's a class for everyone,
And you'll find you're welcome here.
There's bound to be lots of fun
In socials throughout the year.

We learn lessons of value
About nature, religion and such.
Everything planned to interest you,
And give an uplifting touch.

No matter your station on earth,
Your business, wealth, or pay,
You'll find it well worth your time
To attend the M. I. A.

A LOVELY gathering of Junior Girls of the Utah Stake Y. L. M. I. A. was held in the First Ward Recreation Hall on Tuesday evening, March 21. It was their annual spring festival for mothers and daughters. The hall was decorated, the pink rose, symbol of the Junior Girls, being in evidence. This symbol was used on the hand-painted programs designed by the girls. Each ward in the Stake presented one number on the program which featured in dramatized form the study department, the project—"My Story—Lest I Forget," the reading course book "The White Bird Flying."

tion box, the travelogue and the activities of story telling and dancing. Special music was interspersed and refreshments were served.

A Prayer

By Dot Schofeld
Junior Girl

*LET me live my life to its utmost,
Let me laugh and dance and be
gay;*

*This sweetness and truth,
And madness of youth—
Let me keep them as long as I may,
But when glad, carefree days are gone
by,*

*Then in two small arms' soft caress,
In sweet baby ways,
And full happy days,
In these let me find happiness.*

Junior Era Night

By Lorna M. Maycock,
Pocatello, Idaho

CHARACTERS:

Mother.

Claudie, her daughter—a Junior Girl.

Three other Junior Girls.

Scene: Living room of an average home.

Time: Evening.

The scene opens with Mother seated, busy with a basket of mending on her lap. Claudie enters with books and paper which she lays on table, and then walks to door at back center, looks anxiously as if she were expecting someone.

Mother: Claudie, if you are all through with the supper dishes, why don't you get at your lesson.

Claudie: There just isn't a thing I can do until I can get some dope from the library.

Mother: Dope?

Claudie: Well, I've got to get a book about religious beliefs and customs of the Japanese people and sort of compare it with our own faith, for Seminary class. The girls will be here in a minute to call for me and we're going over to the library.

Mother: You don't need to go to the library to get that information. Do you remember that Japanese fellow who taught the Japanese school here last summer.

Claudie: Yes, that was Takeo Fujiwara, he gave a talk in our ward one Sunday night, but how can that help me now?

Mother: Look in the magazine rack there by you and find the September issue of the *Improvement Era* (*Claudie finds Sept. Era*). There, let me look at it for a moment (*turns pages*). Oh yes, here is just the thing you are asking for, a very splendid

article written by this Takeo Fujiwara, he is a convert to our Church you know, and has been studying in this country for several years.

Claudie (*takes magazine and reads*): "Relationship between Shinto and Mormonism," its just exactly what I need and appears to be written so I can understand it. Why didn't I see this before?

Mother: Had you looked through the *Era* before?

Claudie: Well—no I hadn't.

Mother: Every issue has so many fine articles you would be interested in. This same number has the story of the career and intimate biography of J. Reuben Clark, Jr., the new member in the Presidency of our Church. You were asking just the other day how President Clark came to be appointed U. S. Ambassador to Mexico. This article tells of this and many other important incidents in his life. I'm so glad you found the material you were looking for in the *Improvement Era*.

I must go and see that the boys get washed before they get off to bed. (*Exit Mother.*)

Claudie (*reads first line or two aloud, when the door bell rings*): That must be the girls. (*Goes to door, three Junior Girls enter.*)

First Girl: Hello Claud, are you ready?

Claudie: Come on in.

Second Girl: Let's go—I've got to be home by nine.

Claudie: Come and see what I've found. We don't need to go to the library. (*She displays the article as girls crowd around her.*)

Third Girl: "Relationship between

Shinto and Mormonism." That's great; what magazine is this. (*Turns back to see cover.*)

All: It's the *Improvement Era*.

Third Girl: The *Era* is a smart magazine. My sister was telling me all about leprosy the other night; she read an article in the *Era*, written by an old school friend of hers, who had interviewed Dr. Daines. You remember, our zoology teacher was telling us about him, the one at the University of Utah, school of medics, who was appointed by the government to do research work at the Leper Colony in Louisiana.

Second Girl: Who cares about leprosy?

Third Girl: I didn't say I did, but it's interesting to know a little bit about a disease that most everyone in the whole world is afraid of.

First Girl: We used to take the *Era* last year, but all I ever looked at was one page.

Claudie: And what was it, do tell?

First Girl: Lights and Shadows on the Screen.

Third Girl: Oh yes, that was a grand page. It gave a preview of all the new movies each month. I always looked up the show I was going to, to see if it was going to be good and it almost never failed.

Claudie: Mother wouldn't let us go to a show last year, until she looked it up in "Lights and Shadows on the Screen." It always told whether the show was good for us or not. (*Girls are seated by now, and arrange their seats close together.*)

Second Girl: That reminds me, my brother says that is a neat story called "How Lovely Youth" in this *Era*, its about love and everything, by the same author who wrote "Sixteen Sings." You remember those poems we all read together.

Claudie: Could we all get together again some night next week and read this story and some of the other things we have found in this *Era*?

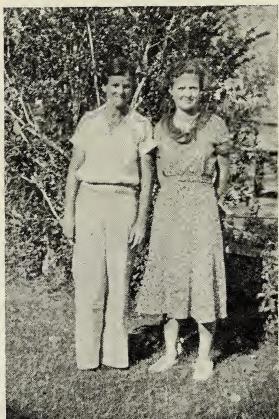
All: Oh—when will we meet?

Claudie: How about Monday night?

Second Girl: Great, and you can come to our house, Mother and I will be home alone.

All: Fine, we'll be there, and let's call it Junior Era night.

Curtain



Babe Didrikson (left) and Gayle DeWitt, a Junior girl from Arizona

← →
BABE DIDRICKSON, the great Olympic star, and Miss Gayle DeWitt, a Junior Girl of Mesa, Arizona Second Ward M. I. A., taken in Hayden, Arizona where they visited this summer.

Miss Didrickson (on the left) is now giving her time exclusively to golf and hopes to excel in it as she has in almost every other sport. Most of her drives are from 260 to 325 yards. She does not use tobacco or liquor.

Bee-Hive Girls

Thoughts for Bee-Keepers

DID you ever question your personal worth?

You are worth to yourself what you are capable of enjoying; you are worth to society the happiness you are capable of imparting. The wise person gradually learns not to expect too much of life—to give—not to get.

Christ gave Himself in service not only on the anniversary of His birth—as we do—but on every day of His heroic life. The day is coming when the Christmas Spirit will not be limited to Christmas Day or the holiday season, but be a part of the world's life on every day of the long year.

What you abound with, cast abroad To those that want, and ease your load. Who empties thus will bring more in; But riot is both loss and sin. Dress finely what comes not in sight, And then you keep your Christmas right.

—Henry Vaughan.

Christmas Suggestions

HANDCRAFT

HAVE you tried to make paper flowers from cellophane paper in white or red colors? Chrysanthemums are nice. Place them in a green or red glass bowl. Place a red or green electric light globe in the bottom of the bowl, and you will have a pleasing Christmas decoration.

A SQUIRREL NUT JAR

The shadow of a squirrel is silhouetted against a silvery background on this nut jar.

The knob is a real English Walnut and this box may be filled with nuts, shelled or unshelled.

You can make the jar or box yourself. You will need an old cookie or cracker tin, a sheet of silver paper, black lacquer, white shellac and a round-headed stove bolt and nut.

Put two coats of black lacquer on the box. Cut the silver paper the size of the box. Cut a squirrel shaped hole in this paper. Now apply the silver paper with white lacquer, starting it at the end and rolling it on. Fasten the English walnut to the top of the cover with the bolt and nut. When the box is dry, go over all, including the nut, with white shellac.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Nothing pleases more than to receive a hand finished card from a friend.

Suggestions:

1. Photographs well mounted.
2. Stencil cards.
3. Silhouette designs.

4. Cut out motives in colored paper. Rules to keep in mind:
1. Avoid too many criss-cross lines or angles.
2. Do not make all parts alike in size but vary them.
3. Do not use too many different forms.
4. Keep all parts of the design related.
5. Relate your design to the space.
6. Avoid making motives too large or too small for the space.

Envelopes can easily be made by using wallpaper, folding them with the decoration on the inside.

Party Suggestions

A CHRISTMAS HUNT

HAVE small trinkets, candies, nuts, fruits, dates, figs, raisins, bon bons, apples, oranges or bananas concealed about the room or house. Make small baskets of candy boxes covered with green and red crepe paper. Number the baskets and the hidden articles. Give each girl a basket and let her hunt for the articles having the same number on as her basket.

CHRISTMAS POST CARD GAME

Provide plain cards, paint, crayons, pictures, crepe paper, pens, ink and paste. Have the girls make an original post card, write original verse and address to the person facing her. Mail these cards at a post office, where they should be attached to the exchange gifts of the girls, or used as place cards on the table or tray.

Calendar

Nymphs:

- March 6—Guide XXIV—Aids to Health in Hive and City.
- March 13—Guide XXV—First Aid.
- March 20—Guide XXVI—First Aid.
- March 27—Work on the "Little City."

Builders:

- March 6—Guide XXII—Mending Foundation Cell No. 4).
- March 13—Open for your planning.
- March 20—Guide XXIII—Understand Beauty.
- March 27—Work on the Honey Comb.

Gatherers:

- March 6—Guide XXII—Service Cells.
- March 13—Planned by the Girls and Bee Keepers.
- March 20—Guide XXIII—Nature's Phenomena.
- March 27—Honey Comb.

Business

PLEASE send to the Young Ladies' office all interesting items of the Bee-Hive activity from your stakes and wards and swarms and girls.

Have you originated a new Bee-Hive game? We will be glad to have it. Have you found a new way to fill cells? Tell the *Era* about it. Have you had a delightful trip? Others would be interested.

The following is a description of a trip two Bee-Hive Girls took. Perhaps you have one equally interesting. Write it up.

BEE-HIVE GIRLS VISIT ROARING MOUNTAIN

By Alene Bate

Roaring Mountain, in Yellowstone National Park, rose from the surrounding forests white with glittering sand that tortured the eyes and reflected waves of heat into the already warm air. Numerous furrows and gullies were worn down its slope by hot water that gushed from springs scattered on the sides of the mountain. It was crowned by some evergreen trees which resembled a tuft of hair on an otherwise bald-headed man.

"Let's climb it; it looks safe enough," suggested my friend, Afton.

"All right," I agreed.

When we reached the foot of the mountain, the ground was warm, and we could hear a faint roar as the hot water rushed far below us through its underground bed.

Climbing the mountain was a hard task, since the sand was worn smooth and round, so that it was difficult to get a strong foothold. It was also very steep, a fact which increased our difficulty.

The higher we climbed, the hotter the ground got, until our feet were burning, and blisters rose on our hands where we reached down to steady ourselves. The rock underneath us sounded more hollow with each step we took, steam hissed from numerous tiny holes, and the roar which we had heard at first reverberated in our ears like many drums. The ground trembled as though shaken by an earthquake, and at any moment we expected to crash through to the boiling river below.

By now we were so frightened that we each made a secret vow that if we ever got to solid ground alive we would never come back. Our first attempt to descend was unsuccessful, because we chose a place that was too steep to get down without falling and perhaps crashing through to the steaming cauldron below. The next attempt was a success, and when we reached the solid ground once more, we each heaved a sigh of relief, and from two grateful hearts went up a devout prayer of thanks to the One who had brought us back in safety.

Vanguards

YELOWSTONE Stake Vanguards celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of Scouting in Yellowstone Stake at a chicken banquet held at St. Anthony, October 21. The banquet was tendered to the entire group by officers of the ward M. I. A. groups throughout the stake. One hundred and twenty-one were present, representing every ward. District and Troop officers and committeemen were present. Two huge birthday cakes each containing fifteen candles had been provided by the Junior girls, who also served the banquet. Songs, talks and special music numbers provided an excellent program.

Much impetus was added to the Vanguard program through this delightful function and all present expressed their determination of going forward to make Vanguard work outstanding in Yellowstone Stake.

THIS Legend of the Arrowhead is the title of a publication recently issued by the Young Men's General Board for use by Vanguard Troops throughout the Church. This book is a sort of "Book of Remembrance" for each Vanguard Troop, in which it is proposed shall be recorded, in picture and written form, the history, activities and achievements of the troop and its members.

Sub-headings in the book include: The Troop Record, The Troop Album, Troop Accomplishments, Troop Trails and Hikes, and odds and ends of Troop history. These books are day. Names of winning teams from

each Scout Council who will represent the various councils in the finals are to be submitted to the General Board not later than February 15.

Indoor Postal Archery Championship

AND Indoor Postal Archery Championship for all Vanguards in the now being distributed through Scout Executives and from the General Board offices.

At the June Conference, next year, an exhibition is to be held where all Troop Legends are to be on display.

The Vanguard Committee of the General Board is preparing a special book covering the history of Scouting and Vanguard work in the Church and containing pictures, newspaper articles, programs, advertising matter and other items in connection with Vanguard history.

The books contain approximately fifty pages of heavy material with imitation leather covering and sells for 75¢ each.

DATES for the Church Championship finals in Vanball have been set at Friday and Saturday, February 23 and 24. The games will be played at the Deseret Gymnasium, Salt Lake City. Under the plan adopted each team will be given two chances at the Championship, as the double elimination system is to be followed. Games are to be played Friday night and during the entire day and evening of Saturday.

Church is announced by the Vanguard Committee of the General Board. The meet is to be conducted entirely through the offices of the Scout Executives who will have complete charge of all details within their Council area.

Under the plans adopted, each Vanguard team of four members will shoot the Junior American Round each week for four weeks, reporting the score, verified by some adult who has witnessed the shoot, to the Council office by mail. Details are in the hands of Scout Executives who will promote the shoot through District Commissioners and local Vanguard leaders.

How the Rexburg Vanguards Kept Their Leader

A DEMONSTRATION of what boys can do to keep a leader, who has made their troop successful, was shown by the action of the Vanguard Troop of Rexburg First Ward. Jesse Evans was the Vanguard leader. His work has been outstanding. Every fellow of Vanguard age in the ward has been brought into the troop.

Recently he was selected as Stake Vanguard Commissioner. To the boys of his Vanguard Troop this was a bombshell. With the Troop Committee the entire Troop asked permission to meet with the Stake Presidency to discuss the matter. This was given and the boys plead to have their leader return to them in order that he might continue the excellent work of the past two years. After the case had been presented and carefully weighed by the Stake Presidency and the Stake M. I. A. officers it was decided that the appeal of the Vanguards was too strong to be denied and as a result Jesse Evans is again the leader of the Vanguard Troop of Rexburg First Ward in Fremont Stake and is continuing his excellent work which has been pointed to frequently as among the very best work being done in the Church today in Vanguard Troops.

New Vanball Rules

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(Please note changes over 1932)

RULE VIII. COURTS AND SERVICE

Section 1. The captains shall toss for courts or service. The winner of the toss may choose either to take the first service or his choice of courts.

Section 2. At the opening of the game the ball shall be put in play by the player in the "Right Back" position. (See Rule VII, Sec. 4). Each server on his first serve shall be allowed one "fault" or "wild" serve. On serves other than the first a "fault" or "wild" serve shall put the server's side out.

Section 3. Each server shall con-

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tinue to serve until the Referee calls "side out."

Section 4. Service shall alternate as "side out" is called.

Section 5. The team receiving the ball for service shall immediately rotate one position, clockwise.

Section 6. When a served ball touches the net, passes under the net or touches any player, surface or object before entering the opponents' court "side out" shall be called except as provided in Rule VIII, Section 2, allowing one "fault" or "wild" serve.

Section 7. If a player serves out of turn, "side out" shall be called and any points made on his service before the error was discovered shall not be scored.

Section 8. The team losing the previous game shall have the first service in the succeeding game.

Section 9. Teams shall change courts at the end of each game.

Section 10. At the beginning of a new game the players may be arranged in any position desired regardless of former positions in the preceding game. The Scorer shall be notified of change in positions of players.

Section 11. If wind, sun or some other circumstance favors one court, the teams may change courts as soon as either team has scored eight points in any game instead of at the end of the game, but the service continues with the player who has just scored the eighth point. The Referee shall decide all matters in this connection unless mutually agreed upon in advance.

Section 12. A player may not leave the court, except while in the act of making a play except by permission of the Referee.

RULE IX. PLAYING THE BALL

Section 1. The ball may be batted in any direction, and a player may use any part of his body *above the hips* in playing the ball.

Section 2. A ball other than a service touching the top of the net and going over into the opponents' court is good and is still in play.

Section 3. A ball other than a service may be recovered from the net, provided the player avoids touching the net.

Section 4. The ball may be touched only four times by one team before being returned over the net.

Section 5. The ball may not be batted over the net by a back line player except on the fourth hit.

Note: This does not prevent a man from playing the ball twice, provided the rule against dribbling is not violated; that is, a man may be the first and third or second and fourth to play the ball.

RULE X. POINTS AND SIDE OUT

If any player of the serving team shall commit any of the following acts,

it shall be "side out;" if any player of the receiving team shall commit any of the following acts, one point shall be scored for the serving team:

(1) Serve illegally. (See Rule VIII, Secs. 6 and 7.)

(2) Fail to return the ball legally to the opponents' court. (See Rule VII, Section 5.)

(3) Catch or hold the ball. (See Rule VII, Sec. 10.)

(4) Dribble. (See Rule VII, Sec. 11.)

(5) Allow the ball to touch his person or clothing below the hips.

(6) Touch the net with any part of the body at any time except when the ball is "dead." However, if two opponents touch the net simultaneously, neither "point" nor "side out" shall be called; the ball is dead and shall be served over.

(7) Touch the ball when it already has been played four times before being returned over the net.

(8) Reach over the net under any circumstances whatsoever.

(9) Serve illegally or serve out of turn.

(10) *Reach under the net* and touch the ball or a player of the opposing team *when the ball is in play on that side*, or interfere with the play of the opposing team by entering their court.

(11) Illegal substitution. (See Rule IV, Sec. 3.)

(12) Play out of position. (See Rule IV, Secs. 3 and 7.)

(13) Touch the floor on the opposite side of the center line.

Note: If player touches opponents' court in completing a play, it shall be called a foul, even if he does not touch the floor until after the ball has hit the floor.

(14) Enter opponents' court in an attempt to recover the ball. Reaching under the net with one or both hands but keeping the feet in own court is allowed.

(15) Receive deliberate coaching from outside the court. (See Rule XIII, Sec. 5.)

(16) Persistently delay the game. (See Rule VII, Sec. 12.)

(17) "Spike" or "kill" the ball when playing a back position.

Note: This is to prevent one-man monopoly and to encourage team play. In other words, a player who is in a back position, when the ball is put into play, cannot run forward to a net position to "kill" or "spike" the ball.

(18) Leave the court without permission from the Referee. (See Rule VIII, Sec. 13.)

(19) A double foul shall be called when players on opposing sides commit a foul simultaneously. In case of a double foul, the ball shall be played over.

Note: A foul committed by a player in the same play at the net in which an opponent also commits a foul, shall be considered a double foul even if the fouls do not occur at the same instant.

RULE XI. TIME OUT

Section 1. "Time out" may be called by the Referee only, but the ball shall be in play until the whistle is blown by the Referee. "Time out" shall be allowed only twice for each team during a game, except for substitution of players or because of injury.

Section 2. During "Time out" for rest, either team may have a ball for practice, but only on its own respective court. During "Time out" for substitution, the incoming substitutes may have a ball for practice for "warming up," which may involve the use of both courts.

Section 3. The length of "Time out" shall not exceed one minute, except in case of injury and two minutes in case of substitution.

RULE XII. SCORING

Section 1. Failure of the receiving team to return the ball legally over the net into the opponents' court shall score one point for the team serving. (See Rule X.)

Section 2. A game is won when either team scores a two-point lead with (15) or more points.

Section 3. Three games shall constitute match or championship play, the teams winning two games to be awarded the match or championship, unless otherwise provided by the Tournament Committee.

At the World Scout Jamboree

Continued from page 855

programs, festive displays, and artistic performances by Scouts of all nations, in their own camps. At this time the boys who were not in any particular programs were permitted to go and visit the other camps, thus taking advantage of the wonderful opportunities of mixing in with the boys from other nations in their games, songs, and making everlasting friendships.

The features of the evenings were the international campfire programs, which were attended by thousands of visitors.

The many types of religious services and worship were of special interest to all. Jewish, Moham-

median, Catholic and Protestant services were conducted during the encampment. Some of the most interesting, however, were the services conducted right in the American Camp on Sunday morning to which the public was invited. The services were conducted by our own Reg'l. Ex. Oscar A. Kirkham, the Jamboree morale director. Besides the very wonderful instructions of Executive Kirkham, Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, gave a very inspiring talk on the 12th Scout Law, "A Scout is reverent."

ONE Sunday afternoon Executive Kirkham called all the Latter-day Saint Boy Scout delegates together in one of the head-quarter tents of the American contingent, where another meeting was held, which will long be remembered by all that were present. Latter-day Saint members attending the Jamboree from Utah were: Regional Executive Oscar A. Kirkham and his wife; Merrill Christopherson, the chief quartermaster of the American Contingent; Frank Fister and Louis Pingree. Missionaries from the Swiss-German Mission were: John Daynes, A. C. Hull, Harvey A. Hatch and James G. Anderson, Mission Scout Executive. Missionaries from the German-Austrian Mission were: Norman C. Kirkham, Merlin J. Shaw, Orville Gunther and other Scouts and Scouter's. (Felix Nestlinger from Salzburg, Austria, Director of the Information Office of the Austrian contingent, and Alex and Lorenz Przybila, from Vienna.) We were also honored in having President Arthur Gaeth and Elder Miller of the Czechoslovakian Mission present. Elder Heber K. Merrill, Jr., missionary from the French Mission, was also there. Many other Saints were visitors at the Jamboree.

The hospitality of our Hungarian friends and brother Scouts had far surpassed our wildest dreams. The welcome that we received collectively and individually, when arriving, the triumphal progress on excursions; the cheery friendliness of all visitors to the camp and the manner in which everything was done to make us thoroughly enjoy our stay—all of these things, besides making us very happy made some feel mighty humble.

The only unpleasant thing of the whole Jamboree was, saying "goodbye" to each other and leaving the dear old spot, which was the meeting place of so many dear friends, that perhaps will never see each other again. It really had been wonderful to have our chief with us, but it was no easy thing to tell him "Goodbye" as he gave his farewell address on the rally grounds, when he said: "My heart is filled with joy because you have accomplished what I expected of you, namely, 'made friends.' And

now let us pause a moment and bow our heads in gratitude unto God."

DON'T form the habit of saying at home, "I won't do it." To get somewhere in the world you have to have the good habit of saying, "I'll be glad to do it."

* * *

THE really bright boy is the one who has the good sense to realize that he has to work hard to get anywhere in the world—*Jules Lutge*.



"Thanks for Health"

*E*xuberant youth scorns caution in the joy of living. Health frequently is the price of that gesture. The chief foe of youth is tuberculosis. It can be prevented and cured, yet it still is the greatest cause of death among children between 5 and 20. Thousands of adults, remembering timely aid from their local tuberculosis association, can look with gratitude at Christmas Seals and say, "Thanks for Health."



The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Buy CHRISTMAS SEALS

The Eternal Bridge

A greater man than Herbert Spencer, by simple faith bridged the gulf between man and God. In 1820, Joseph Smith, then a lad fourteen years of age, became deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul. Revival meetings in which excited appeals to the emotions were made, accentuated his anxiety. The divided and distractred condition of Christianity, the fierce conflict of religious opinion, and clashing of creeds, added to the perplexity of his youthful

mind. The din of disagreeing and clamoring priests, moved the boy to ask, "Which of all the churches is right?" This is a most profound question for a boy of fourteen. While this puzzling question distressed his earnest soul, he took to reading the scriptures. One day he opened the Bible at the first chapter of James' Letter. His eyes fell upon the faith-stimulating text, "If any of ye lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraidth not." The words of this simple promise went home to the heart of that boy as the very words of the God of all wisdom. He believed God had actually made the promise; and that He would make it good.

Impelled by this simple abiding faith, he went into the woods near his father's home and there bowed his head and lifted his troubled heart in pleading to God. As he heroically prayed there appeared above him a beautiful pillar of light transcending in brilliancy the light of the noon day sun. Encircled within this glorious light stood two purified, glorified, immortalized beings in express and majestic human form. One of them pointed to the other and said, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

That day that boy saw the glorified form of the Omnipotent One, and heard the voice that spoke in the morning of time when quivering matter was organized to make a beautiful world.

He is the greatest discoverer of modern times. He discovered for modern man the only key to the knowledge of God. He found that deepest and purest joy, of actual contact and fellowship with the Father of all, of which Emerson sang so beautifully:

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
And I mock at the pride of Greece and
Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the
pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned
clan:
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God may
meet."

THE spot on which that boy prayed is a sacred shrine. It is the cradle of modern faith. Within that sylvan temple on that hallowed day, that boy's faith

bridged the chasm between man and God. The hope-giving story of his triumphant quest of certainty concerning the Most High has awakened in the hearts of tens of thousands of men and women the undaunted faith that actually seeks and finds, and asks and receives. The glowing light of this living faith has sent afar its rays in an age of doubt and skepticism, and turned uncertainty to assurance and despair into hope. This faith-stimulating power has done more to increase the spiritual riches of our modern age than thousands of volumes of speculations about God and His economy.

In every field of scientific research there is the constant barrier of the unknown to surmount. All scientific progress is made by surmounting this enduring barrier. In the world of invention it is the same. The inventor makes his inventions by boldly venturing across the frontiers of the unknown. The discoverer sails upon unchartered seas, and travels over trackless wastes to give mankind a more extended knowledge of the world. In the spiritual realm, poets, philosophers and prophets have struggled through the ages for intimate knowledge of the unseen God. In all of these centuries of ceaseless research, endless inventions, startling discoveries and eager quests of God, the torch of faith has led the way. It has lighted the path over the barriers of science; it has awakened the confidence that has guided the inventor in his painstaking experiments; it has kindled the ardor of the discoverer and sent him to the unseen corners of the world, and it has fired the prophets with the deathless zeal to reach out with undoubted assurance for intimate, conscious, loving fellowship with Him who is invisible.

IN the spirit realm, as in our material world of mortals, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is being preached; and among both dead and living the authoritative proclamation is made: "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To be competent to officiate for his dead, a man must first comply with the laws and ordinances of the Gospel in his own behalf.—James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.

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Continued from
page 842

A Gilt-Edged Guardian

Anne had learned, the agent for an important wholesale buyer, and came to the factory rather often. She had noticed him sometimes, standing near the employees' exit at closing-time, waiting to talk to some of the girls. Many of them appeared to dislike him, and Jane Anne could not understand why.

IT was one day in early spring, at lunch-time, when Heiny and Jane Anne were brought together. She was coming down a corridor from the coat-room, carrying her lunch in its newspaper wrapping, when Heiny hurried out of a doorway and bumped into her, making her drop everything. The newspaper unfolded itself and deposited the sandwiches in a messy heap of bread and jam and bologna, at her feet; and the apple rolled along the corridor for yards and yards and finally lost itself in a dark corner. Heiny stopped, with a laugh, and looked down upon Jane Anne's red-faced, paralyzed confusion and distress.

"Permit me!" he said, and bending low before her, he swept up the broken sandwiches with the newspaper, and tossed them into a convenient rubbish-can. Then he put out a plump pink hand and pinched Jane Anne's flushed cheek.

"There it goes;" he said cheerfully. "So what can you do but let me take you out and get a lunch that is a lunch?"

Without waiting for an answer, he took her into the circle of his arm and guided her rapidly out of the building and down the street to a nearby lunch-room. A humble enough place, but much finer than Jane Anne had ever been able to patronize. The food was very good, but she was too awed to eat much.

Heiny talked merrily and a great deal. Jane Anne talked only when he asked her questions, and she thought he would think her very dumb. She would have been surprised to know how much Heiny knew about her at the end of that brief meal. About her aloneness, and her incredible ignorance of life. Heiny found it all very pathetic and appealing.

He took her back to the factory just five minutes before the one o'clock whistle blew. His entrance

with her caused a mild sensation, which for the moment Jane Anne rather enjoyed.

"Jane Anne," Heiny said just before he left her at the door of her workroom, "how about having dinner with me tonight? And a nice long ride out into the country afterward?"

Jane Anne's gray-blue eyes widened in surprise. She raised her hand and brushed back her dark curls in an embarrassed way.

"Why—I—I—"

"I'll call for you at seven," Heiny said, and wrote down her address in a little leather book he had in his vest pocket.

His words had been plainly audible to a number of girls looking on.

Like one in a dream, Jane Anne went to her place, conscious of many glances bent upon her. Curiously disturbing glances, most of them. Disapproving, they seemed.

One girl, a rather large, heavy, sour-faced blondish girl, paused by Jane Anne's chair and whispered:

"Go to it, kid! Be careful, but not too good. Being too good only brings you lonesomeness; I know. But dig him for plenty while you're at it. Wish you luck!"

Jane Anne didn't understand. She wanted to ask the girl what she meant, but just then the whistle blew and there was no time to talk.

It was then that Jane Anne felt fear coming back.

BY five-thirty, she had thought everything out. She was even a little bit thrilled that seven



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o'clock was so near. And she had decided to stop at a small shop on her way home and take out the new dress she had selected several weeks before and had been paying for a little each payday; it was to have become her own on this next Saturday anyway,—there was just one dollar and a quarter remaining unpaid. She had exactly that amount in her purse. To part with it tonight meant that tomorrow—Friday—and Saturday until noon, she could buy no food. She debated the question carefully, and decided that it would be worth going hungry for a day or so, to have the

nice dress for her first date. Tonight's dinner would fortify her against her fast.

She hurried home with it and bathed and dressed. At five minutes before seven she was ready. The cracked mirror told Jane Anne that she looked very lovely in the new frock, as she had known she would. Her eyes were starry now; excitement and the hurrying had brought color into her pale cheeks.

Distantly, she heard the doorbell ringing. That would be Heiny! Jane Anne picked up her coat and turned to go. And in that moment her glance fell on the Shepherd.

There he was, in his gilt frame, watching over Jane Anne. She looked back at him, and suddenly she could not move. She could not take her eyes from his kind, stern, tender, commanding face.

She heard Mrs. Danbury come puffing, grumbly up the stairs. Mrs. Danbury would be angry if she had to come all the way up. Jane Anne should have been on the stairs, at least.

"Jane Anne!" came Mrs. Danbury's voice, calling from the landing below. "A gentleman to see you. Says you expected him." The last four words were a severe rebuke, the way Mrs. Danbury said them.

Still Jane Anne stood in front of her bureau, and her coat slid from her hand and lay unnoticed on the floor.

"Tell him—not to wait. I can't—go. Tell him I've got a headache—or something. Oh, tell him anything!" called Jane Anne, and wondered why her own voice sounded so strange to her.

She heard Mrs. Danbury go grumbly back down the stairs. Faintly, she heard the front door close. Very slowly she sat down on the edge of the hard-lumpy bed.

Hours later, she woke and remembered that she had cried herself to sleep. She was woefully hungry. She got up and found one thin dry slice of bread and a sliver—little more—of cheese. Apathetically she ate it and went back to bed. For a long time she lay awake, staring at a dark-gray blur of window-space in which no stars showed at all. Presently rain began to fall on the roof, and after awhile its gentle tattoo lulled her to slumber again.

A BREAKFASTLESS

day after a dinnerless evening is bound to be a cheerless day. Add to these minutes a lunchless noon and a second dinnerless evening, and you are likely to feel serious consequences. Especially if you are trying to work at high speed in between times, and are habitually scantily-fed as Jane Anne was.

Restraining several wild impulses to grab something from the food-shops she passed on her way, Jane Anne reached her attic sanctuary faint with hunger. Greeting her with that same wise, kind, stern look, there stood the Shepherd in his gilt frame.

All Jane Anne's remaining strength seemed to concentrate itself into one sudden burst of fury.

"Oh!" she cried out at him. "How can you look at me that way, after what you've done? It's your fault I didn't have a good dinner last night! I could've stood today, if I'd had a dinner like Heiny would get me, then. And I'd have had some fun for once. I thought you were kind—but you're just a—a mean old tyrant, darn you! I bet I don't let you do that to me again, ever—ever!"

The tiny window stood open. It seemed to point the way.

With a shrill little gasping sob, Jane Anne seized the Shepherd and hurled him, frame and all, through the window. Hurled him with a strength she had not known she possessed, out into that square of deepening twilight sky. Then she sank down beside her narrow bed, weeping hysterically and bitterly.

When the spasm of crying was over, she became aware of an unbearable emptiness in her little room. Aware of a crushing ache within her breast, harder far to endure than her pangs of hunger. And aware that the bare space upon her bureau seemed to shriek at her through the silence and the blackness and the pain. There were stars visible through the window, but tonight they had no kindly message for her. In all her lonely life, she had never felt so terrifyingly alone and helpless and hopeless.

Tossing miserably through the long hours, Jane Anne came to the conclusion that she was being haunted. Haunted by the ghost of the Shepherd whom she could never put out of her life. He had become an obsession, a vital some-

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thing to her peace of mind. She could not do without him; she must find him and bring him back.

IN the first gray dawn she dressed and crept weakly down the three flights of stairs. Slipped out of the house, and through the narrow dark alley to the back yard. Shivering, she stood for a few minutes in the middle of the gravelled enclosure, straining her eyes to see, and trying to calculate. Decided that the force with which she had thrown her Shepherd out of the window, would probably have carried him beyond this yard, over the board wall and into the neighboring property.

With sinking heart but unabated determination, Jane Anne examined the wall and succeeded in finding a board that appeared to be loose. She pulled at it, frightened at the noise of its squeaking nails, until she had an opening through which she could climb.

The yard into which she stepped was so different from the one she had just left that she could hardly believe her senses. This was the garden she had glimpsed from her own window so longingly. Here was grass, heavenly-sweet and soft beneath her feet. Tall shrubs roundabout, and flowers here and there. The beauty and the surprise of it almost made Jane Anne forget why she was here. She just wanted to stand and look and look. To breathe the air with its unaccustomed sweetness. To reach out and touch the cool greenness of young leaves on the bushes nearest her. Something about it brought tears. Hastily she brushed them away.

It did not take long to find that which she sought. In the middle of a flower-bed, there was a protruding corner of the gilt picture-frame, which had nearly buried itself in loose black garden-soil.

Carefully Jane Anne stepped over between the rows of tulips to reach her treasure. Miracle of miracles! The glass was not even broken—so gently had the soft dark earth received the falling Shepherd!

Jane Anne caught him to her with a sob of relief, and stepped backward out of the flower-bed. Backward into a grasp of strong arms that caught hers, and into a moment of the blackest terror yet.

"So!" said a voice, a young

man's voice, deep, angry. "So it's you who's been stealing our flowers!"

Jane Anne's cry froze in her throat. Still clutching the precious picture to her heart, she sank down into an unbelievably small heap of unconsciousness.

"Poor little mite!" she heard a woman saying, softly. "She looks half starved, Danny, and sick, too. No wonder she fainted when you caught her so."

"But she's—she's lovely, Mother! Like a flower—and as fragile, right now. What do you suppose—oh, she's coming to—" That was the deep young masculine voice again, but without the anger.

JANE ANNE opened her eyes wearily. Above her, two faces hung; one, the young man's, dark of skin and eyes and hair, but cleanly dark, and attractive—a book-hero's face without doubt! The other, a woman's, with silvery hair around it, and tender blue eyes lighting it.

Into those tender blue eyes Jane Anne gazed wondering. Slowly she was remembering.

"I didn't," she half-whispered. "I didn't—take any flowers. I just came to get my Shepherd. Where is he?" she demanded, sitting suddenly upright. "Oh, there he is on that table—let me have him please!"

Danny handed her the picture, something reverent in his handling of it. He seemed shocked at her next words:

"He's—he's all I have, you see," Jane Anne said, feeling that an explanation was due. "I was angry and—and threw him out of my window, but I had to get him back again."

Danny looked at his mother with a puzzled frown. She turned away very quickly and went into the next room.

Then Jane Anne looked all around. Seeing clearly for the first time, the tall young man in his dark-blue robe over pajamas; his hands in his pockets, his lips smiling at her reassuringly. Noticing the pleasant room; bright, light walls, with pictures on them; clean white curtains at the windows; colorful painted furniture and interesting ornaments. A pink coverlet on the bed where she sat. Jane Anne touched it with her hand, finding it soft and silky.

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"How—pretty!" she murmured, wistfully.

The silver-haired woman came back into the room, bringing a tall glass filled with creamy milk, heated and delicious, which she held to Jane Anne's lips. Jane Anne drank eagerly.

"Now lie down again—that's a good girl," the woman commanded in her sweet voice.

Obediently Jane Anne lay down, conscious of the smooth softness of the bed. She hadn't known that a bed could feel like this!

"She's dead tired, Danny. Come away and let her go to sleep."

"We ought to find out her name, Mother. Her folks may be worrying about her."

Jane Anne moved her dark little head against the pillow and answered quietly:

"No, there isn't anyone—just me and the Shepherd. But really I can't stay here. I have to go to work pretty soon."

"Where?" demanded Danny.

She told him where. Thinking that she would get up now, but still making no effort.

"That's all I want to know, Miss—Miss—"

"Jane Anne," she prompted him.

"Oh. All right, Jane Anne, you go to sleep now. I'll see about your job. You're not going to work this day."

"No, indeed you're not," put in Danny's mother. "You're going to stay right here and let us take care of you. Now sleep awhile, and when you wake up you can have some breakfast!"

Smiling at her again, they went out. The door closed behind them—the gentle mother and her fine tall son.

Jane Anne felt slumber stealing upon her. She roused herself enough to lift the Shepherd in his gilt frame so that she could look at him squarely once more.

"His face—is something like yours, Shepherd," she whispered to him. "Kind—and good. Thank you for bringing me to him!"

The Shepherd looked back at her, kindly, steadily, wisely. In his eyes and on his lips there seemed to rest a smile and a promise.

Suddenly, swiftly, Jane Anne drew him down close to her. * * Upon the glass-covered face of the Shepherd she pressed a warm and tremulous kiss.

■ A Peace Offering

*Continued from
page 837*

Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based that statement upon a plan he already had in hand, to appropriate four hundred millions of dollars to this purpose.

"There are those who have put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement of mine. It admits of no possible equivocation. Mr. Lincoln carried with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still stand in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself as President, when the joint resolution had been passed."

A noted author, who is a native of Virginia, laments the failure of the conference in the following words:

"The importance of the negotiations has always been recognized by historians. Had the conference

succeeded, the tragic slaughter of the flower of the North as well as the South before Petersburg and Richmond, the final crushing defeat of the Confederate army at Appomattox, and the starvation and the devastation of the South, with the distresses of reconstruction, would have been avoided.

And years after the conference was held, Alexander H. Stephens wrote:

"Recurring once more to the subject of emancipation, he (Lincoln) went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of

an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. 'I could mention persons,' said he, 'whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery as stated.' —*War Between the States*, Volume 2, page 617.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN spent the day after his return from Hampton Roads in considering and perfecting a new proposal, designed as a peace-offering to the states in rebellion. On the evening of February 5, 1865, he called his Cabinet together and read to them the following draft of a message and proclamation, which he had written during the day, and upon which he invited their opinion and advice:

"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives; I respectfully recommend that a joint resolution, substantially as follows, be adopted, so soon as practicable, by your honorable bodies: 'Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby empowered, in his discretion, to pay four hundred million of dollars to the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, in the manner and on the conditions following, to-wit: The payment to be made in six per cent Government bonds, and to be distributed among said States pro rata on their respective slave populations as shown by the census of 1860, and no part of said sum to be paid unless all resistance to the National authority shall be abandoned and cease, on or before the first day of April next; and upon such abandonment and ceasing of resistance one-half of said sum to be paid, in manner aforesaid, and the remaining half to be paid only upon the amendment of the National Constitution recently proposed by Congress becoming valid law, on or before the first day of July next, by the action thereon of the requisite number of States.'

"The adoption of such resolution is sought with a view to embody it, with other propositions, in a proclamation looking to peace and reunion.

"Whereas, a joint resolution has been adopted by Congress, in the words following, to-wit:

"Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that on the conditions therein stated, the power conferred on the Executive in and by said joint resolution will be fully exercised; that war will cease and armies be reduced to a basis of peace; that all political offenses will be pardoned; that all property, except slaves, liable to confiscation or forfeiture, will be released therefrom except in cases of intervening interests of third parties; and that liberality will be recom-

mended to Congress upon all points not lying within Executive control."

"It turned out that he was more humane and liberal than his constitutional advisers. The indorsement of his own handwriting on the manuscript draft of his proposed message records the result of his appeal and suggestion.

"February 5, 1865. Today these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them.

"A Lincoln."

"The statement of Secretary Usher, written many years afterward from memory, also records the deep feeling with which the President received the non-concurrence of his Executive Council: 'The members of the Cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked, 'How long will the war last?' No one answered, but he soon said: 'A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war three millions a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives.' With a deep sigh he added, 'But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message'." — *Abraham Lincoln, a History*, by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Volume 10, Chapter 7, pages 132-139.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN was friendly to the Mormon people. When he was a member of the legislature he voted for the Nauvoo charter. In March, 1840, during a political campaign Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter in which he "gives a long list of names to which he wants documents to be sent," and in the same letter he tells a candidate "that Joseph Smith is an admirer of his, and that a few documents had better be mailed to the Mormon people."

It is reasonable to believe that Lincoln was familiar with the political ideals of Joseph Smith and that he had read the words in which the Mormon leader urged that the abolition of slavery be brought about by paying a reasonable price for the slaves. No doubt the humane Emancipator pondered these words in his mind and with wise magnanimity and justice he endeavored to carry out the policy which was recommended by the Prophet Joseph Smith over twenty-four years before the Hampton Roads conference was held.

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Joseph Smith's wisdom in advocating a direct money equivalent as compensation for the loss of slavery was surpassing; it was of divine origin. The adoption of the policy recommended by the

great statesman-prophet would have provided an honorable and complete deliverance from the Civil War with its terrible cost in human life and property.

The Power of Truth*Continued from page 849*

he is so petrified in selfishness as to make it impossible. But constantly reminding a man of the favors he has received from you almost cancels the debt. The care of the statistics should be his privilege; you are usurping his prerogative when you recall them. Merely because it has been our good fortune to be able to serve some one, we should not act as if we held a mortgage on his immortality, and expect him to swing the censor of adulatation forever in our presence.

That which often seems to us to be ingratitude, may be merely our own ignorance of the subtle phases of human nature. Sometimes a man's heart is so full of thankfulness that he cannot speak, and in the very intensity of his appreciation, mere words seem to him paltry, petty, and inadequate, and the depth of the eloquence of his silence is misunderstood. Sometimes the consciousness of his inability to repay, develops a strange pride—genuine gratitude it may be, though unwise in its lack of expression—a determination to say nothing, until the opportunity for which he is waiting to enable him to make his gratitude an actuality. There are countless instances in which true gratitude has all the semblance of the basest ingratitude, as certain harmless plants are made by Nature to resemble poison-ivy.

INGRATITUDE is some one's protest that you are no longer necessary to him; it is often the expression of rebellion at the discontinuance of favors. People are rarely ungrateful until they have exhausted their assessments. Profuse expressions of gratitude do not cancel an promissory note settles an account. It is a beginning, not a finality. Gratitude that is extravagant in words is usually economical in all other expression.

No good act performed in the world ever dies. Science tells us that no atom of matter can ever be destroyed, that no force once

started ever ends; it merely passes through a multiplicity of ever-changing phases. Every good deed done to others is a great force that starts an unending pulsation through time and eternity. We may not know it, we may never hear a word of gratitude or of recognition, but it will all come back to us in some form as naturally, as perfectly, as inevitably, as echo answers to sound. Perhaps not as we expect it, how we expect it, nor where, but sometime, somehow, somewhere, it comes back, as the dove that Noah sent from the Ark returned with its green leaf of revelation.

Let us conceive of gratitude in its largest, most beautiful sense, that if we receive any kindness we are debtor, not merely to one man, but to the whole world. As we are each day indebted to thousands for the comforts, joys, consolations, and blessings of life, let us realize that it is only by kindness to all that we can begin to repay the debt one, begin to make gratitude the atmosphere of all our living and a constant expression in outward acts, rather than in mere thoughts. Let us see the awful cowardice and the injustice of ingratitude, not to take it too seriously in others, not to condemn it too severely, but merely to banish it forever from our own lives, and to make every hour of our living the radiation of the sweetness of gratitude.

WHO of us has not felt at times the spontaneous yearnings and aspirations incident to our deep inborn conviction of life beyond death? We may weaken these emotions by persistently ignoring them; we may effectively stifle them by rude force; we may render them dormant by the poisonous anodyne of false philosophy and the boastful pride of man's miscalled wisdom; but kill them we can not, for they were divinely implanted and are deathless.—James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.

*Christ or Santa
Claus?*—Continued from
page 847

and Jerusalem some two thousand years ago.

Children like stories. Why tell them of mythical persons just at the period of their lives when their minds are the most receptive? What a beautiful world this would be if all children were brought up with beautiful truth and love instead of mythical legends, angry words, impatience, intolerance and greed.

MAN has always had a tendency to worship someone above him, so why not teach him while he is young to worship Jesus Christ? If those things a boy or girl learns are stable and true, they will still be uppermost in the mind when he or she has grown to maturity. With this goes self-respect and respect for the teacher.

Children should be able to treasure the dreams of childhood, the ideals and lessons. Can this be so if these are shattered by unthinking parents? With their childhood dreams and ideals gone, the boys and girls must alter their thoughts and form new ideals. Why should they learn about their divine Brother and take a chance that He, too, will vanish to the four winds in a few short years? Tell them the most beautiful story of all time with repetition—and believe it yourself.

Christ is the Emissary Royal of the Father. He is the Bridge over the chasm of death. He is the Stepping Stone to eternal happiness. He is our Brother.

—
*Lights and
Shadows of the
Screen*—Continued from
page 862

of provincial life and homely French characters do much to heighten interest in a very human story.

THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount): Maurice Chevalier and Ann Dvorak. A good fellow, befriending stray dogs and laughing with life, finds romance and happiness. Pleasing, clean comedy, with some gay music.

For Adults and Young Adults

EMPEROR JONES (*United Artists*): Paul Robeson. The white man's civilization grafted on the negro forms the basis; the product stands out as

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among the best. Robeson's acting and singing are unforgettable.

HENRY VIII (United Artists): Charles Laughton. In spite of the frank grossness and "robust vulgarities" of the period depicted, the acting of Laughton and the sense of living through and in a gorgeous and swift-moving period lifts the picture into the category of notables.

COLLEGE COACH (Warner's): Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell. An expose of crooked football management and tactics. Well-played, exciting, but decidedly unethical.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE (Columbia): Dorothy Tree, Wallace Ford. The story of several lives brought into inter-relationship through association in a dingy boarding house. Only fair. Children would be bored.

MY WOMAN (Columbia): Helen Twelvetrees, Wallace Ford. Egotistical entertainer in cafe in Panama rises to dizzy heights as a radio personality through sacrifice of his wife. Despite certain questionable elements, story is fairly well done.

HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warner's): Kay Francis, Gene Raymond, Adolphe Menjou. Kay Francis gives a fine performance through many varied and highly emotional episodes, and the picture is strong, though somewhat too melodramatic.

STAGE MOTHER (M.G.M.): Another back-stage tale with Alice Brady playing the part of a vaudeville actress guarding the bringing up of her daughter, who is to become a star. One

objectionable scene mars an otherwise cheerful piece of entertainment.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS (Columbia): Tale of two newsreel men, the younger of whom takes risks and the older, credit. Moderately interesting.

MYSTERY AND CRIME PICTURES: From *Headquarters*, with George Brent and Margaret Lindsay; *Hold the Press*, a newspaper story in which the criminal element is exposed, with Tim McCoy and Shirley Grey; *Solitaire Man*, which is unethical in its solution, but well acted; *Special Investigator*, with Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens, a realistic and sympathetic treatment of the police and their problems; and *This Mad Game*, a sincere and gripping presentation of the grave kidnaping problem, with Spencer Tracy.

THE LOST PATROL (R. K. O.): Story of English soldiers caught in desert. In spite of monotony of theme and setting, story is gripping.

THE WOMAN SPY (R. K. O.): Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. This is really an excellent picture, with romantic scenes and intelligent acting. Background of war never becomes more than an accompaniment. One objectionable scene. It may be re-titled "After Tonight."

FEMALE (Warner Bros.): Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. Brilliant story of big business woman who realizes that something is greater to her than wealth and power. Done in a worldly-wise way, it will appear very sophisticated and modern; lesson good.

Dear Dot

Continued from page 857

Showed every one of a very fine set of teeth in his dark head and repeated endlessly, "Twenny-fi' cen lady, twenny-fi' cen," there was nothing to do but give it to him and go at our complicated problem in division again. Hal had just announced that we could spend sixty-one and two-thirds cents on each victim, if he counted Chump out and gave him his slightly damaged last year's baseball mitt, when Katherine (what a fiendish memory that child has!) thought of Uncle Orson and Aunt Tildy, who always send a box of apples and a fruit cake, and always get a box from Kate.

Well, I might have taken some of the household money, but I had planned a real celebration for the children and so, noble soul that I am, I saw there was nothing for it but to sacrifice the money I'd saved to get a swell bill-fold for Paul—the breaks again for Sue!

While Paul's name is before the

house—I loved the way he didn't offer to miss the party because I had to. Just "too bad, you have to miss the fun, Polly! Better luck next time, etc., etc." Nothing about "I'd rather have the mumps with you than all the parties in the world with Sue!" He's a selfish brute, but Boy, that profile! I suppose he feared for his beauty if the mumps do attack us—which I ain't a worryin' none.

On second thought I'll spare you the details of the shopping trip, except to mention that we lost little Paul and after a frenzied search found him behind the costume jewelry counter, carefully filling his pockets with glittering gems. The girl there gave me several very dirty looks and intimated plainly that she thought I was training the child for a career of crime. Katherine and Donald Jr. had a very loud and embarrassing argument, ending up in physical combat, as to the respective merits of a book about the

Bobbys Twins or a mechanical top for Miss Jensen and there were several other events which brought us into the public eye in an unfavorable light and helped to shatter my once robust nerves.

December 21—Had a lovely letter from Sue today, in which she fairly gloated, in a sympathetic way, over the fact that I had dropped out of the race. The minx is being generous to a defeated foe, of course. I haven't felt subtle enough to answer yet. Also received an anxious volume from Kate, inclosing a million or so instructions, which I intend to ignore. Kate has tried her theories out on these children for twelve years without any noticeable success. I suppose they can survive mine for a couple of weeks.

We hung up the wreaths today, and "decked up" the house, as Donald Jr. calls it, and I made doughnuts. The doughnuts look fine on the outside, but seem rather more substantial than any I've met before. I'm going to try mince pies tomorrow, and maybe plum pudding. I want to take the children's minds off the doughnuts. The three I ate to test them gave me a strange sinking sensation.

Hoping I will be spared to pursue the thorny path of duty, I remain your loving
Polly.

December 23.

Dear Dot:

JUST a note to let you know the worst—though I should be sleeping while my patients sleep. They've got 'em! Every last child! On both sides! The snooliest bunch of swelled heads you ever saw in your life! And cranky! Well, I'm mighty glad I've had this experience before taking up the nursing profession for my life work.

I could bear it better if my conscience was clear, but it isn't. No, it's burdened with a batch of leaden doughnuts. I mentioned that I made some didn't I? And that they weren't at all like the cook book said they'd be? At that, they were elegant compared to the mince pies. I hope I know how to admit failure, and I'll frankly confess those pies weren't like the ones Mother used to make. I've lost interest in the plum pudding. Don't care if I live out my three

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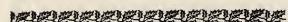
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score and ten without one plum pudding to my credit. I'm convinced Kate's cook book must be out of date. Anyway, the recipes don't turn out anything they're eating in the best circles now.

But to get back to the scene of the crime. I had finished my baking and put the incriminating results away in the pantry and was upstairs wrapping packages, when the gang discovered those outrages and proceeded to sample them. Thank goodness, Hal knew better than to let the baby have any!

I suspected the truth when none of them but Paul wanted any supper and all went silently off to bed with suspicious willingness. So I investigated and missed an awful lot of my Christmas pastry right off the bat. Well, right then and there, I got a queer feeling way down in the pit of my stomach. (Not the kind the doughnuts caused.) I'm awfully psychic, you know—and tip-toed in to look at my victims. Sure enough, they didn't look right. All but the baby seemed to me to have a sickly, greenish tinge of countenance, and he was unusually flushed, and tossing his little arms restlessly.

I crept back and wrapped packages and wrote cards for two or three hours, too nervous to go to bed. About eleven o'clock I went into their rooms for another look.

Imagine my feelings, Dot, to find them all burning with fever! I flew to the telephone and gave the number Kate had given me in case I needed the doctor. After a maddening wait a woman's voice answered peevishly. She had me shout out my story twice—claimed she couldn't understand the first time, I was so excited—and then informed me coldly that the doctor didn't go out nights any more. He was too old.

"I'm afraid I answered rather pertly that if I'd only known that, I'd have had the children come down with their mumps in the daytime, but it was too late now. My caustic remark was lost, however, because Mrs. Doctor was talking all the time. I just got, '—maybe he'd go.' 'Who's that?' I asked eagerly. 'Why, this fellow I was telling you about! They say he's a pretty good doctor.' I could hear her sniff over the phone. She doubtless thinks her old sleepy-head is the only doctor worth while. 'You know Dr. Martin is

out of town,' she added, 'or he'd be the one to get.' 'What's this other one's name?' I gasped, and she snapped that it was West or something, and he was visiting the Dyers, and hung up.

I had to hunt frantically in the directory for the Dyers. There were three of them and of course the last one was it. I wouldn't have been so flustered if I'd thought it was mumps, pure and simple, but how did I know they were not all dying of acute indigestion?

Yes, the right Dyer said, his cousin, Dr. Weston, was visiting him, but he was at a party. He hated to call him. He never went out on cases like this, anyway. I sort of went to pieces then about the doctors in North Eastman all being afraid of the dark, and must have said a plenty, for friend Dyer changed his mind and called his cousin. I was presently switched to the party and recited my troubles again. I had got it down to quite an interesting monologue by this time, and could feel (some more psychic stuff) that the doctor was really impressed. He promised to come at once and almost at once he was here. He pronounced their malady mumps but said gravely their condition may have been aggravated by something they had eaten. This was evident even to me, for while I had been telephoning, both Maudie and Donald Jr. had demonstrated, unmistakably, that their stomachs were upset. Well, the next ghastly half-hour is better imagined than described, but at last it was over and I was saved from a murderer's fate.

They all went back to sleep then and though they were feverish and restless didn't seem in so much pain, but even then Dr. Weston seemed in no hurry to go. Just sat and talked for an hour or so. And he was so sympathetic that before I realized it I had told him everything I knew, practically. If there was anything I forgot I'll probably tell him next time, because he's that kind.

But he's not handsome like Paul. Really has quite an enormous nose. Sort of distinguished, though, only years older than Paul.

By the way, how do matters stand now between Sue and Paul?

Yours wearily,
Polly.

December 27,

Dear Dot:

EXCUSE this pencil-ed scrawl, also any pessimistic remarks that may creep in, for pal Polly is a suffering woman. Dot—I've got them, too! Both sides—and look perfectly hideous! I wouldn't mind being sick if I could look interesting, but mumps!

The funny thing is, I haven't had time to get them from these children and must have been exposed before. And if that's what the little Patterson girl had, then Sue is exposed, too! Because we were there together. But believe it or not, I wouldn't wish the mumps onto even Sue! No,

though she'd undoubtedly lose Paul if he saw her looking anything like I look now! Why, Dot, Willie Marnes with the toothache was Miss America compared to me! And hurt! I know now, these poor children are absolute angels, even Maudie! Just wait till I see Donald. I'll tell him a thing or two about the mumps being nothing!

One consolation is that the children are getting better. The baby has a very light case and the others aren't so bad, now. Dr. Weston got us a practical nurse, who is a darling old soul, and makes them think being sick at Christmas time is quite a lark.

I put up the tree in Hal's and Donald's room because they were

the sickest, and took the little girls and the baby in to see it and get their things on Christmas morning. We had quite a jollification for while, but somehow I was feeling far from well, myself, and when Dr. Weston came about ten o'clock he broke the dreadful news that I was mumpish too, and sent me off to bed.

And speaking of angels, there he is now. I can hear him talking to the children. But I'm going to add this—he's certainly been an angel to us. When it comes to going to a strange town for a visit, and then giving up all the festivities to take care of a houseful of cranky mumpsters, whom one had never even seen before, that shows character. And that's just what

To Everybody Everywhere—

The gracious exchange of greetings during the holiday season is a lovely age-old custom charmingly modernized by using Postal Telegrams. Holiday greeting telegrams are delivered on Christmas or New Year's morning on specially designed blanks, in decorated envelopes, by uniformed messengers. Modern, personal, convenient, inexpensive, and socially correct.

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Dr. Alex Weston hasn't got nothing else but. His face shows it. So much more distinguished than Paul Rockwell's, I think. Paul's nose is far too small to denote any character whatever. Sue will have to make all the important decisions in that family. Or whoever Paul marries, I mean.

And how did your Christmas pass off? I was sitting under the mistletoe with a young man at the same time you were, I imagine, but the mistletoe had been tied to the bedpost by Hal the day we decorated, and the young man was rubbing my jaws with liniment instead of kissing me.

The strange thing was I couldn't keep my mind on all the fun I was missing, but kept wondering if I looked as ridiculous as the children and how long I'd look this way. Oh, yes, the doctor has beautiful teeth and a deeply cleft chin, and here he comes to take my temperature.

Mumpishly yours,
Polly.

December 29.
Dear Dot:

KATE and Donald will be home tonight on the tenth. Won't they be surprised at what they'll find? For we haven't said a word about the mumps. They telegraphed greetings on Christmas morning and I sent one back, and have written a card or two, but Dr. Weston said there was no necessity for spoiling their trip. And there wasn't with him here.

I can't start to tell you how wonderful he has been. And Dot, he's quite a person, really. He's on his way now to a big practice out west and the nurse tells me he is very well known in medical circles, and specializes in some sort of spinal disorders—and is my face red when I think how I insisted he put in his holidays nursing us all through the mumps!

And now, Dot dear, I've got to make a confession. It's surely ungrateful when you say you've been doing everything in your power to keep Paul and Sue apart. I hate to think that you practically spent the holidays vamping Paul to keep Sue from getting him away from me, because, Dot—I can't even remember how Paul looks! Honest, every time I shut my eyes and try to picture him I see Dr. Weston, instead! And, oh, Dot, that's a worth-while

sight! I really think I've outgrown Paul, sort of. I'm beginning to admire the strong rugged type of man—older men, you know. Paul has such a kiddish look, don't you think? And Dr. Weston's profile—but I'm not going to rave like Sue does. Only I don't feel any enmity toward Sue any more. Let her have Paul if she wants him, or let anyone else who admires that type.

Best love,
Polly.

P. S.—I failed to tell you that I'm practically unwedded already, and though I'm delighted to begin to look like something human again, I hate to have the doctor's pleasant calls come to an end. He told me today that his vacation is over tomorrow, and how he hates to leave North Eastman, and the

look he gave me when he said it gave me the strangest sensation—you know how psychic I am—.

Well, darling, Polly wants a cracker, now, and here comes the doctor—not the nurse, mind you—but the distinguished specialist, with a string of letters after his name like the tail to a kite, bringing Polly both soup and crackers! So, bye-bye, dearie, I'll be seein' you, and then we'll tell it all!

Best love to Sue and all the rest.
Polly.

To Miss Dorothy Bellair,
Centrapolis, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald
announce the marriage
of their sister
Polly Anne Parrish

to

Alex Marchmont Weston, M. D.
June First, Nineteen Thirty-one

The Art of Giving

By Alice A. Keen

TO "forgive and forget" is an acknowledged great virtue; but to "give and forget," although related to more mundane affairs, is also a good rule to follow in human relationships.

Giving is a very human and expressive gesture. It may be made on impulse in a moment of overflowing generosity, or it may be the consequence of long and careful consideration. But in any event, in order for it to be a real beneficence, an act of love, it should be free and clear with no backward-leading strings attached to it of

any sort. That which once was yours is now entirely the possession of someone else and it is not for you to advise, suggest, or even appear to notice with very much interest how it is used.

It is this way—you see. Your friends are apt to feel a bit sensitive about accepting gifts whether they be money, things, or favors. Do not, then, press on the sore spot by letting them see how very self-satisfied you feel because you, in your superior position, were able to help them. If you do indulge in such self-righteousness, before you know it you will be watching for signs of gratitude from your beneficiary—in fact, rather expecting them as *your due*, and even throwing out gentle hints that they should be forthcoming. You will begin to feel that what you have done has given you the right to expect gratitude and to give advice.

Now—you may be sure that the one you have favored will feel this little undercurrent of possessive interest and that he will resent it. And why not? No one likes to feel inferior, nor does one like those who make him feel that way.

So—if you would be loved by mankind, when you give do not let the idea creep into your consciousness that you have, by your generosity, purchased a kind of life share in your friend's affairs; but "give and forget." Let the good deed speak for itself with no additional word or thought from you.

Past

By Chas. Elden Ingram

BETRAYED are those I love—I've failed,

And, worst of all, I've lied;
Through troubled waters I have sailed,
And there's much that I must hide.

For very lazy I have been—
Let precious hours fly—
But, though 'tis late, the fight I'll win,
I'll do it yet, or die!

Then square your shoulders, raise your head,

And strike out for the Right,
The past you'll bury, for 'tis dead,
The future's glorious bright!

Your Page and Ours

THE COVER

WE'RE so proud of the cover this month that we are going to tell you how it was made. We wanted something different and Christmasy, so we talked to our artist a long time ago. Editors must live in the future a few months, you know, and so must writers if they are going to hit the "hot" markets. We had a great many ideas, but finally the artist thought of this one. He drew it first. Then we went over to the Temple Square and got Brother Nauman to find a limb on a pine tree that needed amputating. We borrowed a silver candlestick from a Salt Lake jeweler, we bought a ten cent candle, Mr. March of the engraving company cut the letters "E R A" out of wood. With these in hand we, the artist and the editors, waited upon a commercial photographer who has an eye for lights and shadows. We grouped everything except "The Improvement," and "Merry Christmas" and had the set-up photographed.

There is art in the old camera, provided it can be seen first by the mind that directs the camera.

SHE MADE CRITICISM EASY

"Hyrum, Utah, Oct. 30, 1933.
DEAR Editors: I am sending some scraps, (and to cover the intrusion, enclose also a return envelope) which I do hope merit your reading. You see, the trouble is I don't know yet whether I can write poetry or not. What do you think, please?

"Yes (), No (). Mark X in correct space.
"Wouldn't it be nice if all would-be poets could be so informed?"

"Of all the material in the *Era*, splendid as it is, I am afraid I like your poetry page best. So you see I would not have you accept my contributions too readily.

"Yours sincerely,

"(Mrs.) V. L. N."

We're not going to say how we marked her letter, but if you'll look in a forthcoming number of the magazine you may find the secret of those initials. By the way, we can't resist calling the attention of the ladies to the fact that she was thoughtful enough to put that (Mrs.) before her name. Some ladies, bless their hearts, are so modest, they sign with an initial and leave us to guess the sex, or they sign with their full name without informing us of their state of bliss.

WE'RE GLAD THAT PEOPLE MISS THIS PAGE

"Pocatello, Idaho, Oct. 21, 1933.
DEAR Sister Brandley: * * * We miss your review and classification of the movies in the *Era*. I voice the sentiment of our Junior Girls as well as many other readers, when I ask, 'Won't you please give us "Lights and Shadows on the Screen," again?' We thoroughly enjoy the many splendid up-to-date topics we get in the *Era*, but the movie fans miss the page which helped them choose their show.

"Sincerely,

"L. B. M."

Turn to the page of "Lights and Shadows" in this issue and answer the questions asked—we really want to know.

A MAN FROM DIXIE WRITES

"Santa Clara, October 20, 1933.
I LOVE the *Era*. Would not be without it. We sure enjoy it. God bless the efforts of the brethren producing such a wonderful magazine.

"Sincerely,

"F. R."

He should have asked the blessing of the Lord upon the sisters, too. The *Improvement Era* is for both sexes and is made by both sexes. We hope all of our splendid contrib-

utors will share in these blessings, for it is they who make the *Era*.

WE WISH OTHERS WOULD YIELD TO THAT URGE

"September 25, 1933, Mittweida i/Sa.
"Ehrlitzerstr., 15, Germany.

I HAVE finally yielded to my desire to pass my comments upon the *Era*. I have just finished the September issue (they come late to us here) and found the contents to be very meaty.

The *Era* has in the last two years improved in all departments each number. President Hinckley has greatly improved his style and wording. His entire series has interested me deeply. I read them first because of their great subject appeal. The last one is the best by far. Not that the subject was far better, I make no distinction there, but the literary quality has advanced. The *Readers Digest* has long been my ideal as a magazine, but I find the *Era* creeping up on my "ideal." The *Era* with its wonderful religious content, of course, puts it in a class by itself. As the *World Spins* is a beneficial addition of the needed type. The covers are superb. * * *

"Sincere withing you and the staff greater improvement and success, I remain,

"Sincerely yours, E. L. G."

HERE'S A TIMELY BIT FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

WE will have a great art expression only when our people wake up and patronize our own creative artists. The gospel should speak from our church walls, interpreted by Latter-day Saint artists. But we cannot ask artists and musicians to give their gifts free until we have bread and rent as well as art."

"M. F."

ARE YOU HAVING YOUR ERAS BOUND?

IF you are going to bind your *Improvement Era*s for this year remember you will, upon application, receive a complete index of the volume free. We are advising that you place the November and December numbers in your 1933 volume this year. Hereafter the volume will begin in January. By the way, we have some innovations in mind. Watch for them.

SHE LIKES "FOUNDATIONS FOR HAPPINESS"

"Burley, Idaho, Oct. 10, 1933.

IN the last *Era*, I liked 'Boys,' by Ida Rees, very much. That contest of what makes a 100% person, is certainly clever and interesting.

"A friend recently showed me a 1932 *Era*, and the articles and stories were so interesting that I borrowed it to read. Now I realize what I've been missing.

"Best wishes for continued success.

"Sincerely,

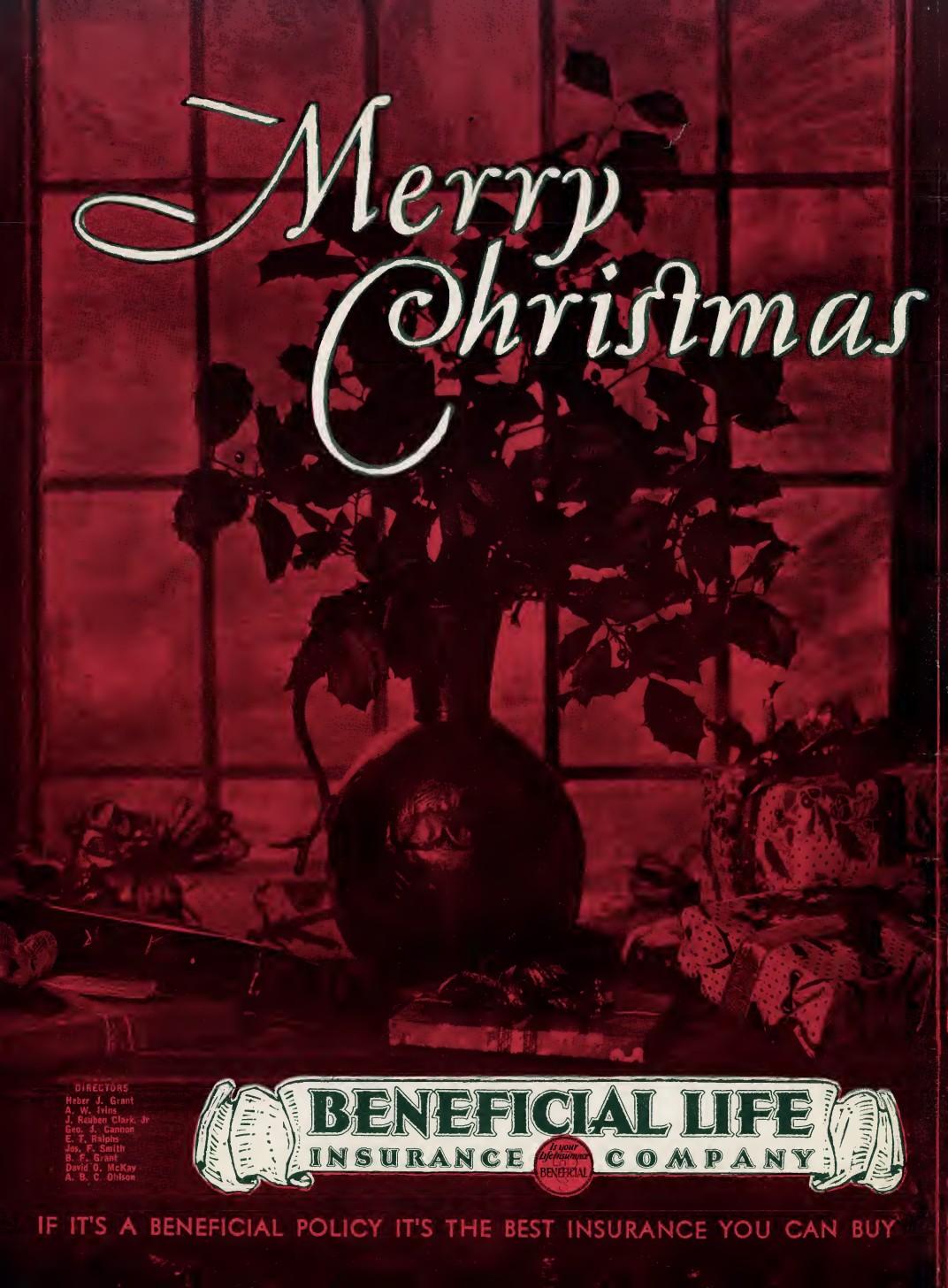
"F. M. McB."

HAVE YOU FILLED OUT YOUR BLANK YET?

IN the October number we published an idea by Parnell Hinckley—"Foundations For Happiness." We have had some response, but not nearly enough. We'd like several hundred replies if we could get them. Will you not play with us in this interesting game of evaluation? Send your reply in today while you think of it. Mr. Hinckley is willing to tabulate as many as come in. One man and his wife both answered, evaluating each other. You try it. Make it a game.



Merry Christmas



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